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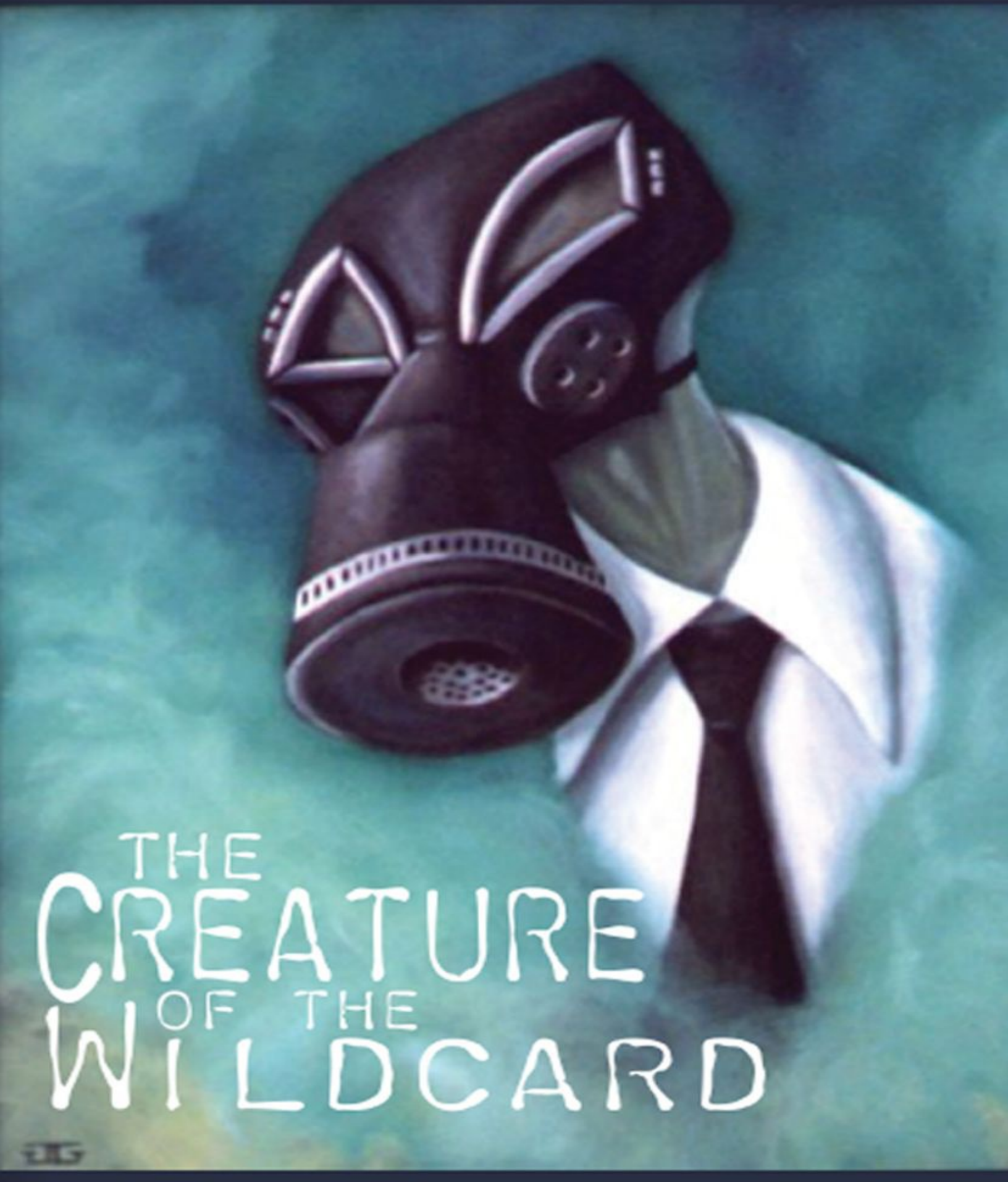

THE CREATURE OF THE WILDCARD

The Creature of the Wildcard

By Jon Fischer

America Star Books

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Dedications

To people, they are the only ones that read
And to my dog, she was the only one that understood

William Dement, as his last name happens to suggest, claimed that dreaming permits each and every one of us to be quietly and safely insane every night of our lives. While this may be true, it is also very easily stated that the premise is inside out.

Chapter One:
Home Is Where the Haunting Is

Walk on the water where each footprint leaves a ripple in the eye of the imagination. Feet floating on the atmosphere of Atlantis. The soft salt air flowing through the psyche with the whispering waves on the uneven field of a summer in heaven. The sun of forms dancing like a million butterflies that sparkle with the watery world of freedom. And to sip from the earth—its blood in the seven seas, as intoxicating as love. And as ancient as the universe—vast as he who bears witness to its beginning.

Just another day in the desire for something sublime. Something better than the eyes of he who walks on the desert sand. Better to believe in the eyes of Alaric. Better to follow the footsteps of the earliest isle of his kind. Drawing breath from the cycle of a fan and the geometric design that replenishes the veins of the unconscious. Not truly a pioneer looking for a new America on Mars, or a place to carry on the politics of earth. In fact, Alaric saw no place worth venturing where humanity may realize the dreams, or nightmares, of what it will become. No place other than the truth of fiction, and the fact that these dreams of being God come from within.

Someone once said that to look inside your head all you have to do is open your eyes. The final frontier was not a five year mission in space. It was from the imagination—the landscape of the soul. And it is safe to say that the soul is the pathway to all things. The setting is internal and what world there may be is authentic inside. Reality of thought—tangible things—swords sweeping across an army with our eyes. And so every story or account of what has transpired in the life of the imagination has happened. Consider a prophet throwing words like light that reflect back from the moon. It shines. Life itself is this gift to each of us who holds the present. Given to us as a surprise of existence. It is neither the past nor the future. But the moment we become aware. Suddenly there is a flash in time where time travel becomes possible. From that it is the birth of every moment imaginable. Indeed, it is the birth of time. Alaric was born to be everywhere, or so he was chosen to see like the sun. To reflect from the moon.

The moment of Alaric, sensing a sphere from every angle, was similar in nature to the special bond between creator and creation. Take the computer programmer that believes spirit of his artificial intelligence, as though he has created something conscious to communicate with. Like a mentor passing his vision of the world to a disciple of faith, or a Frankenstein toying with the human brain—lightning strikes in the oddest of places. And often times the light sets free a door of perception to the attic of the unknown creature that stalks mankind. The shadow of us all. Or the shape we choose the shadow to become.

Genius can often fool itself to believe its quality of thought is not unnatural. If this gift of life is ever truly opened there is no telling what waits for someone that has fooled the nature of truth. Some secrets are not designed to be touched too soon in the course of human development. There are certain places within the human mind that are simply too blistering and bizarre to talk about freely with anyone. Remembering the worst nightmares in life are easy. Discussing them with a perversion of existence in the river of a nightmare itself is not. Seldom do people root these things out in the course of a life. These warts that cover the surface of the soul, like civilization covers the earth. These dreams that Alaric once believed to be the gentle waves of perception upon the sands of his soul. Dreams of a time when the world was water—senses soluble to be created on canvas.

Please excuse the author that has a place in his mind. Sunken deep within the waters of the earth where the lost continent calls him to change form from breathing to the aquatic life of what wonder is

beneath the waves. A place where he escapes from the surface from time to time. A place to swim with the dark depths of life not yet discovered. A place where he dreams of death—the final revealing. A free and beautiful thing that doesn't seem to frighten him when he has walked with the dead. Walking in the facade of people, where he himself is a piece of property bound by the waking hours of this world. A day is simply a physical form of the elusive scenes of the night. Visions are stamps on existence. From the night they can hold the promise of a prophecy too disturbing to come to terms with. Yet such a prophecy can be strong enough to unfold against the dreamer's will. No other enemy haunts the imagination with the intention to control the thoughts of the day, or the thoughts of a life. Let a man become conscious and no hell in life burns more furious than the breath of a dragon's roar driven from the volcano of the abyss. To tower civilization with a tidal wave of taking over the earth.

This moment within, deep in the heart of a dreamer, is something few experience to the degree of being real. Some actually realize the being of light, as though their heart bleeds splendor into the ocean that they walk upon. Some people call this the Christ light, but beauty…there is no greater form of deception. So what is real? Something so blinding is enough to alter existence. It is enough to throw away the definition of reality and replace it with a meaning that is not bound by words. Save someone from having a dream lest they know the power that they possess. They may bring it from beyond to the forbidden like an odd language of intangible objects. They may make concepts of concrete. Like pouring puddles of rain straight out of steel—some gifts are unnatural.

In every section of civilization, and even deeper, in the safest section of the soul there lives an individual that thinks within a hidden room. Some are more aware of being alone in a cathedral of thought filled with the prayer of the world than others. They are the secret society of themselves. The ones we see walking in circles to create the rings around Saturn. They have a purpose for being bound by the orbit of their thought. Very few seem to see what world the outsider is in, but like a bathroom such a world is necessary for the security of their well being. Often times they are left alone to be alone or simply bothered to the point of building a temple where they can take shelter from the atmosphere of life. They are the freak occurrence of seeing kingdoms in the snow of a television set. Watching too much TV can reveal the dynamics of chaos and the human mind's mechanics of organizing the irrational. How they dress to please the abyss, such doesn't matter much to a man that wears the aura of a fortress where the heart is a prisoner inside of his chest. Never free to feel without the conditions of reality. Some will simply dream to the center of the solar system in a field of flowers called their home. Picking daisies or pushing them, Alaric Fischer was so in tune with the edge of tomorrow that his home was on the verge of his own haunting. Had he stone to etch his peace he might chisel a religion.

He was always handsome, except of course during the clumsy transition of puberty. Lasting a little longer than most men. He did flower well into his late twenties. Or so he often had to have people remind him that he was very cute, good looking, and sometimes he heard the word "beautiful" on occasion. That was definitely a word to take into a dream and smile every time he passed a mirror. Alaric stood over six feet tall and upon greeting him relatives always asked to his annoyance, "Alaric, are you getting taller?" Though it was quite a turn on during those special occasions when someone he admired made a comment. He was also very slim—a waste of life not to play basketball —the brainless hamster wheel of bouncing balls back and forth. Alaric had a need for something gentler in the way he carried himself—timid and submissive like a Golden Retriever. Highly trained in his self control. Wearing hand me downs, or whatever type of boring outfit was enough to make him look freakish among the usual zombies of Halloween. His soft radiance of skin was sensitive to the

sun, and his young facial hair held signs of the Indian summer in his blood. Sweet and boyish good looks made him quite innocent to the untrained eye. His short light brown wavy hair with a wet look of lust, thick upon the narrow frame of his face, made him appear as if the wind was a woman with her fingers setting fire to a shower of meteors.

Alaric was quite the dreamer of the true myth, or the mind's eye of the alternate existence in history. As if it was intertwined with historical fact, or the subjective account of scholars. The two were one world—an event and the dream of such. Alaric was gifted in this sense. Creating a dream to explain a situation. He filled the atmosphere with a collection of great thoughts gathered from those who thought great. Not as if his life held no novel narrative of its own. But a museum often inspires the need to not only see beauty in the world, but for Alaric, an aroma of art was the scent of a woman. The highest order of inspiration. To walk into another world within his own was to make mentors of the immortals. So that Alaric may bear his own gifts to honor those that played the part of God. No life escapes nature and what mortal has not tried to create it?

Some take up the trade in an unusual way, perhaps even unnatural. As many quote the Bible in their daily lives, art was a religion that Alaric could quote in the new dawn of time. Imagine, quoting a painting instead of a person. Alaric possessed this power. From the fables of every spirit to the archetype of a situation on a canvas, life was drenched in riddles. To speak an image Alaric made it a symbol between him and another soul as he juxtaposed their situation. He created a synchronicity out of sheer intuition. Often times it seemed the art was a dream of an actual conversation that he stamped on the existence of an alternate reality.

Young, still fresh in the world, Alaric was born into the promise of eternal life. It was more than knowledge. It was law, and certain at a price. Even as a child Alaric isolated in search of what he might sacrifice for a vision of the grail. Dark and light danced together throughout his life while he contemplated his sense of direction. The mysticism of art and its pathway to the eternal made Alaric long to invent himself somewhere on the other side. The side of insanity. The world of a dream where limits are for highways and art is existence. An eternal life of fantasy within the love of being mad. Alaric painted true reality, as that which is absurd is certain to expose cracks in the nature of truth.

Bizarre in a way, reality needed to feast on so many gears so it could do something as simple as revolve. Alaric watched the ticking so long it made a dripping faucet that he followed into the labyrinth of himself every night. No one truly knew him throughout his life. He was always looking out the window of the bus. The rest of the world was busy with itself. Driving into the explosion of Revelations. Not paying much attention to the palette of the flying trees, the rich rush of the golden fields, and the art of earth. All that Alaric's eyes created. Like stepping into the frames of a motion picture. Pure of heart and quiet in there—peaceful in the center of the mind. No one noticed the theater. No one cared. No one but Alaric.

Alaric spent most of his time within his room and within himself. Growing up at school the other children often made fun of him and his knowledge of Alice. When he was introduced to the terms of teenage years there was a crowd around the clown that thought a jerk of the hand was a sign of rolling dice. Stupefied and lost in the wooded world of empty gazes Alaric played chess, but had no idea it was a metaphor for life. Most of the time he heard them say from the echo of a canyon, "Alaric, wake up!" But all he ever really heard were Mad Hatters with an advantage of words. Even when he read, the page blurred, and every letter joined together from the cocoon to the grail. An orchestra of voices, like that of the fallen angels in the anguish of their own thirst, cried for Alaric to drink. Life was thousands of circles in the sand of a Native American mandala. Alaric was slightly autistic and no one ever seemed to notice how beautiful Alice was when she looked in the mirror and rippled the

rings of reality. He saw her from the other side. As life went on his own reflection grew deeper and more mysterious like that of dementia, unable to connect reflection with reality. People often wondered about him and as he was maturing the girls always asked, "How do you get close to Alaric?"

Alaric knew women, in the same sense that he knew Alice. But he only knew them with his eyes—from the other side. A light brown with such a beautiful transparency, Alaric gazed with a gentle fire dancing upon the fountain of his pupils. To look for something. That the soul might exist in the quiet of a stranger. Often with a hint of sorrow trapped from within where the invisible wall stood between him and another. Alaric found such a simple fact; a fate of human development to house the soul separate within the confines of a cage, to be the worst punishment known to man. To catch a glimpse. To see a hint. To be denied access to the entire story. Alaric woke many nights to simply wonder if he had become part of the landscape in a woman's dreams. An enigma of many eyes he captured from his daily life wove a play of pleasure that held the answer. Alaric was certain of this when he heard the natural world of the morning birds singing the hymns that called forth the dawn from his restless wonder of so many windows of women.

The irony of Alaric's kind heart in the core of his eyes was the violence of what it once took to witness the raw surge of a solar eclipse. He was traumatized as a child with the riddle of pain in the abnormal photosensitivity of eyes within a skull that appeared to shrink around the universe of imploding his brain. There lived in the pain of light the intense and ferocious vacuum that swallowed the colored sound of angels chanting from overwhelming heights. Alaric saw so much he saw it from a satellite in orbit around the earth. He could hypnotize someone with a gaze if he caught their glance. The women went wild for this—a prison of thought linking two people to wonder for a moment if being itself was between the bond. He seldom spoke and when he did he was always a kind and gentle man. Alaric was never the type of person that would follow an instinct to react, or to know how to place words where his eyes would blur. Somehow he believed a gaze alone was enough to leave his ghost behind. He could make love to the mind of every eye he met. And why ruin something so perfect? It was sweet sorrow to know someone for a moment and remember them for the rest of his life. Deep within he longed for the spirit of Enya and the love he heard in the voice of Joni Mitchell. Or perhaps a demon dressed in shimmering white. A woman with a whip of gold was an exotic goddess. But surrounding his heart like the mote of a fortress was a deep scar of coming close to intimacy. A woman would have to torment him with a wicked joy, and thread a forceful sheath of chain mail into her web if she wished to weave her world for him to wear.

Alaric kept a low profile throughout his life. Working odd jobs with a corporate costume. Sometimes with a funny hat filling an extra large soda for someone. Or just washing dishes to spend money on art supplies. A career didn't matter much to him. Not the career that was constructed for him in their world. Alaric had hidden talents. He spread his wings in private and often enjoyed a dual identity. Some said he was secretive, but he ruled the house of metaphysics. Alaric was a master of whispers in an aroma he painted that no one else could smell. To him it was the scent of seduction. His art matured from the foundation of his youth and like a psychic experimenting with potent medicine he ventured into the art of abnormal psychology. He was eccentric in the sense that he only held menial positions in the work force to keep him humble. To keep him grounded with one foot on earth and an elastic leg like a rocket reaching the ground of the red dust—to see if it would intoxicate him if he sniffed it. That was the creative process. Keeping in touch with a reality alien to earth.

From when he was small Alaric also had imaginary friends. Quite often he had fantasized of a twin sister with whom he secretly shared romantic feelings for. Hard to describe in detail but easy to sum

up in form. She was the moon and all the mystery of mankind going to extreme lengths to simply meet her. To see what uninhibited pleasure may be with a woman so close in nature to his own. She was the woman in the white lace of trumpets from the tail of a scorpion. Tormenting his ears with the sweet sound of subtle influence over his need to please her. Often times she was as real to him as the friends he never truly found. A goddess of gold, but an exotic alien of art. An interesting mind made its way from beneath the surface of the ordinary world from time to time to plant a part of their personality into the landscape of Alaric's psyche. Like that of Alice on the other side of the mirror. But Alaric never knew a friend the way the others around him gathered together and discussed the topics of the day. And his dreams of people were too far fetched to find an actual alien among himself.

He breezed through his youth believing he was invisible. Believing he was immune. Not having the need for friendship or people in general. He journeyed to adulthood on the road where the windows watched with alien eyes. And he only spread his wings when no one was watching. That there was a sanctuary, even from the eyes of God. Alaric didn't succeed in the educational system as gifted and talented as he was. Too many strangers with death in the door of every class. Alaric's mind was too distant to concentrate in school. He was like Einstein taking someone else's notes from math class while working on his own formulas. He found the learning process to be terribly cluttered with people and politics. Whatever he needed to know the answers didn't come from a teacher wearing the cloth of conservative or liberal sermons. They never taught him to think; as they professed the mind had rules and boundaries of thought in accordance with the particular games society liked to play. Alaric stared deeply into the desert for the oasis of his own imagination. Knowledge was powerful in kindergarten. But the mind's eye made information wander into the microcosm of a subatomic particle. To Alaric, an archetype such as Dr. Frankenstein was a beautiful example of true intelligence. Hardly mad, but obsessed with passion. To think outside the spectrum of conventional reality. To exhibit such imagination, he was the father figure of true innovation. That Alaric himself might admire the courage of the fictional character's creative genius and become his own God going against the grain of nature. Real teachers taught their monsters to expand their own consciousness. Far from educational institutions with guidelines of thinking within a system of circles. To simply feed the blood and body of their disease.

Naturally, Alaric took to an occupation that allowed him to work with his imagination. His art was good enough to qualify him for grants, which were easily accessible when he was running a query on the new age calculator. Establishing a presence on the internet took time. But he saw a brilliant opportunity to suit his personality with a home office. He went digital with his art and the theme of his amusement park was interactive like that of a surreal adventure game. He specialized in selling multimedia and put his art to work with whatever the costumer wanted to create of it. The magic of the monster's mind conjured a fantasy land of amusement rides and digital candy. Where there might have been a shopping cart to select an item in an otherwise flat dimension, Alaric created a storefront. Complete with all that a computer game might describe of a shopping mall. Virtual salesmen walked the customer through the purchase. An added dimension existed to the internet and Alaric exploited it. Costumers were greeted with more than a smile. An artificial intelligence with its own personality walked within a story line of the storefront making Alaric's Artifacts a favorite for the cult consumer. He did it like Oz and granted their dreams, but had a hunger for a road of his own where he might meet the wizard behind the wheel of his own head. To paint his way into the eternity of his inner world and keep building bricks around the same well of his dreams. His religion always churned to be like that of an empire. So much more than the occasion of the cosmos in the island of

life.

Alaric's parents knew the day would come. Not simply seeing his business blend with his brilliance, but when he might decide to ravage the earth with something too profound from his world within. How proud to have an artist make a name in an otherwise obscure ocean of rain drops. They were simple people to see the birth of a genius give birth to his own child in the alchemy of creation. To Allen and Jessica, Alaric was born eternal in their belief of the mountains he might climb. Yet they were always distant. He had been much closer to his Grandfather growing up. Alaric never knew them the way he knew himself to be so isolated. His level in life was from a distant star. Looking from the earth the light years took time. But from the most primitive marvel of man was a seed so orchestrated to create the inner schematics of a rain forest.

He didn't spend much time with family, never learning how to make an ordinary world of his radical mind. Alaric preferred to be a man without a past and wherever he went they never knew where he came from. Less explaining to do about things that no longer exist. More time to bend the mirror of tomorrow. Not necessarily caring what his art would say from the grave, as much as he cared about coming back from the dead. A legend was good for the mind of Timothy Leary, and though Leary's voluntary experiments in death led people to wonder if he was dead, he is actually alive in legend. Alaric thought of the psychonaut's last words whenever he listened to the Moody Blues, "Yeah, why not?" as if the man could will another option. A legend of an ego not strong enough to survive the death of its body. What a waste this thing was that was conscious of itself as a meter trying to measure alternity. In a way, the same was true of Alaric's art. Lightning striking the fever of his work was what made Alaric feel alive, but propagating the level of consciousness that he achieved was more exciting. It wasn't the act of seeing his paintings in his aunt's basement. Alaric didn't want to know if a work brought someone to tears. What he truly wanted was to share the tears with the person. To touch the eyes with a hot iron of an image and live outside of his ego. To impregnate the personality with another identity and come back from the dead. Alaric was born to build a religion. If he only found the stunning success in the building blocks of God. To weave the web of constellations in the theater of an open field as the wind of water whirls the brush of Van Gogh around the stars. An array of senses all within his sight. To know his eyes to be his own witness.

As a grown man Alaric was a success. But hidden behind the ancient eyes of years thrust into the architecture of time, where the use of circuitry and software made a man bionic, Alaric only experienced life to the degree of what a monk might live within a world of silence. Alive in theory—that of thought dependent on itself—a drama of dreams to explain the associations of the soul. How he lived where he submerged to sense the waking world as a collage of fantasy sown together with a liquid as stimulating as the loss of inhibition on alcohol. Alaric drew circles and mapped humanity with rivers of the stars reaching far into the reality of himself. Connecting every one of his dreams with whatever was available in the waking world; Alaric looked upon any sculpture to see how it was created from the origin of the universe.

He scraped the sky with the surface of a whale while the rough pavement, spoken with the words of so many attitudes, feet frozen to the pedal of civilization gone sour, surrounded him within a small New England town. They can't predict the weather there. This only goes to show how in theory every step is the next step over the edge. Around his home town things were always noisy with business and people were like the weather. Yet Alaric had been given the gift to hide from the storm of a world at its end. To take shelter from the wars waging in circles of history with its massive head concussion and schizophrenic mind. Alaric had a life better than the need to care when he might fall within a

higher plane of dreams the next night and uncover the multiplex of a world worth the investment. He was infamous in the pages of religious and philosophical text. Alaric was still unknown to mankind; to someday become the bearer of light. How he penetrated dreams. Alaric always had a story to tell. Yet he was more of a phantom upon closer inspection. He had worn far too thin like Sid Barrett. No one truly knows when, but with the bitter feud of his parents over the course of his life something inside of him saw so much it ceased to see. To see the day end always reminded him that he was mortal. He'd spend late nights listening to Pink Floyd's *Wish You Were Here* and often wonder a bit too seriously if they were singing to him, as though he was Syd, burnt out on the fumes of his former life. The music tormented him in a beautiful way, as it screeched on the chalkboard of his soul. The slate had gone blank and his heart had dehydrated with the passing nights of the seasons.

Indeed, Alaric made a name to an extent. His business was a flamboyant festival of Hollywood nights and club scenes on ecstasy. Or so it appeared wild with imagination in the way his personality became digitized to present the virtual…the unreality of the computer age. But an illusion like a movie screen with a tale they base on truth. Look into the light. Look into the projector. Something from behind blinded the eyes with who Alaric was. A man that magnified magic beneath the violent rays of the sun. A wave of the wand here and there and Alaric was happy enough to be one in the whispers of a dandelion and the riddles of silence. In Russia they have a saying. If everything is right in your home then everything is right in your soul. Alaric didn't have a home. He had an apartment. Yet to him he had a garden of coral. He was with the twirls of the tide in the windows that washed the calm around like colors being painted with acrylics when his eyes echoed an object. Art created an aroma of perfume on the first letter a woman might send to him to suggest something more than words. Alaric was an artist by genes, but certainly one that was bred to be a bit more illustrious in the intestines of his imagination. He fell deeply in love with what a scent might suggest. Art could change reality under the influence of its seduction. His personal art was of a world where very few seldom dared to dream. And carefully selected prints of other artists are what inspired his daily existence. His desire to surface to the scent of eternity. Where he might succumb to her voice pouring pleasure upon him.

The story of Alaric had always been an overview from a satellite. Difficult to zoom in on the specific topography of his life, as if a puzzle of beautiful pieces in his own eyes waved beneath the water. The scenery was gorgeous, but there didn't seem to be something clear about the details of his passing years. As though a million dreams, or the field of night—a mystery to mankind. Just drifting through the cycle. So many people began to commission him for his work that he could pick and choose his costumers by the way they worshiped his digital heaven. What was a growing business became out of touch with the window behind his eyes—had he the ability to roll them in back of his head he might fathom what it is to live within the neural network. To see the labyrinth of lace, an octopus of reality in the beauty of being overcome by her passion, like the atmosphere of earth reflecting the surface to surround mankind with the ink of its eyes. A normal day for Alaric was a watch eating its tail. The snake of the soul shedding the skin of being only to be swimming the tide to tomorrow without any hands. The hours burned out in the blend of a connoisseur tobacco. Strong menthol held the flavor of icicles forming in frozen caverns, letting out the breath of a siren of spirals so blistering with delight that he might freeze them again. It was the only measure of time between the birth and death of every reincarnated process of life.

Alaric often rolled his tobacco atop a drawing board he once used for sketching the skeletal structure of the soul. Before him the porthole to a lost paradise was always present. Maple trees and birds singing hallelujah—where the sun found its fire too daunting for the day. The blaze fell into a

deep comma of our wonder when the light woke from the grave. Alaric's reflection in the glass always made him conscious of his desire to quit the breath of dependency. His ghost was within the world of his window. Only to see the sun show the death of day on the horizon through the trees that shaded him from the world below. Such was the span of life. The hidden opportunity to enter the plane of eternity became more desirable than the need to survive—the need to wake to the seasons and count a clock to wonder if time was the future already past. If Alaric could search every grain of sand he might find the system of associations in a single speck so much more than the setting sun. He had the hunger of Orion. But the dusk…how a watercolor widow would shed tears into a deep zodiac of lunatics that stranded Alaric beneath the stars. The genesis of life had its story to tell again. And again, and again, and again…

Alaric spent enough time rolling cigarettes it seemed appropriate for a spirit to speak to him. A print of Magritte named *La Clairvoyance* was adjacent to the outside world. Within the work sat an artist in a chair before an easel. Alaric was uncertain if this was a self portrait of Magritte or a portrait of himself that the famed surrealist prophesized to be Alaric's own life as an artist. When Alaric bought the print he saw his window and a symbol of his personal space. It was a ghost to haunt him. To the left of him was a desk with an egg. His canvas foresaw the shape of things to come. There was a beautiful black bird ready to free itself from the properties of conventional reality. Alaric knew the same. Life imitates art. He was going to take flight one day. Perhaps he might soar into the night where the sun shall never weep again. Into eternity from the egg of existence—to be a world unto himself in the freedom of art. Within the atmosphere of the lost continent where flight soars from the poetic civilization to the beginnings of time. But again, there was a place where the haunting of things so dark within his soul might force Alaric's final prayer. His image, fluid in the flat dimension. May God have mercy on the horror of his flight. If such a voyage led him to himself he didn't have much hope. The reflection in the glass was a room without doors that was shattering enough to end existence, or end existence eternal. Dementia often made a mirror more than the time it took to reflect light. To isolate—to dwell too deeply into the irrational. To allow superstition to control oneself from being free. Prophecy has a way of bending the eyes to see life in a spoon. Eating ice cream or making igloos—the mind is a bizarre mechanism of being.

As paranormal a presence his unfolding dream of eternal bliss may have been Alaric didn't quite know how to keep from reaching higher. To keep from suffocating on the exhaust of living too sublime. He wasn't quite sure about what to do with the wildflowers and their blossom of scents so fragrant with the way her hair fell around her in the field of his younger dreams. Dreams of Eden. Whenever Alaric haunted his home he did so with the howl of silence. Antique artifacts of memory were carefully selected sounds in the quiet of a keyboard where he spoke another language. To sing a trance of vacating himself into the spirit of clairvoyance. A freedom with the keys—each unlocked a different door that rushed with a wave of wonder. Like prison cells with innocent voices crying out for open fields, every sound was a violin of sorrow. Alaric played with the tide in the far corners of his eerie heart. With the symphony of fingers flowing like rivers into the air the wisdom of a note was the domino effect of another. Sound seemed natural to Alaric. Hundreds of ghosts rose from his touch and haunted the air with an uncanny mood of touching something too personal within. Alaric induced a daze and vibrations danced back and forth between his brain. From one ear to the next he heard one moment slither to another like a snake across the desert. Beauty was a word across the landscape of his mind. Something pronounced with the way of the wind, or whirls within the waves. The damned were free to haunt his world and Alaric was a savior when he called them forth to hear their cry. To gaze deeply into the egg of the ocean and free the sound of feathers upon the next giant leap of

mankind.

Alaric's apartment was small, but large with the gallery of grandeur. He lived in a quiet complex with the majority of residents being elderly. Older people have a way of looking down on the younger generation, but Alaric earned some respect after helping one of the tenants who was suffering from a mild stroke. At the time it was cold and the man just stood there holding the railing in the front entrance, as if paralyzed like a wounded animal in the presence of a human. The man couldn't talk and was heavy in build, but Alaric had a way with eyes. He gazed deeply to bear the pain of fear that the man must have felt in not knowing if the next direction was even worse than death. Alaric reached out his hand as the bond between their beings was a corridor of clouds clearing in the sky. "Give me your hand," Alaric suggested. He was certain he had the wisdom of Christ. The man trusted his eyes and Alaric struggled to help him to the bench. There wasn't much to do but make sure he was in a comfortable position before Alaric called the medical emergency. He always felt as if he could have done more in a situation like that. As if he could have been the healing hands of miracles written ages ago in the myth of a man Alaric wished to be from time to time. Tenants recognized him as a good guy, which of course made Alaric feel that God might look into his heart and have pity on the long and winding torment of reaching tomorrow. Mercy on Alaric for his dual view of light and dark dancing in balance on the tight rope of reality. His hidden hunger to blind the ever-present eye of God with his own world beneath the waves. A world where Alaric might live within his darkest fantasies to surface only when he needed to breathe the fresh air. Sanctuary was without eyes. A sacred city hidden from existence.

Within his apartment Alaric occupied the bedroom most of the time. He began to lose interest in his business, having saved enough from some of the more demanding orders. Apart from his morning walk to get a cup of coffee in the changing seasons of life's promising days Alaric's heart was in his magic and his life was in his head. The secret society of spirits flowing from his senses to reflect from the illusion was the world in which he defined reality. His apartment was rather comfortable and he was a happy recluse. Complete in his desire to be one with himself. To dive for eternity. Alaric was always engulfed in his dreams. Unfortunately these visions, or what are considered unresolved emotion, were much more than that to Alaric. He communicated with the dead and entered alternate realities. Jimi Hendrix once said while Alaric was with the watery wind, "There is a lot of light up here, but I didn't see Maya until I died." Maya had many definitions, but Alaric preferred the illusion of reality. He visited strange worlds and met alien life that the greatest cartoonist could never capture. "Thank you for stepping into the light." They would say, while they revealed the matrix of their peculiar and often grotesque being from which they evolved. Alaric even glimpsed far into the future where things were much too theoretical. Coming back to daily life to talk about an eon past was the lost art of gibberish. It was to make friends with ants. To be fascinated with armies of lemmings. To select one by chance and discuss the theory of creation in a drunken stupor. They didn't seem to know the language, but they had a feeling Alaric was half ass drunk.

Even if Alaric was too intoxicated to make a clear connection with life's little lemmings he recalled all of his dreams. Beginning from when he was very young he had a photographic memory. Of course he did, he was an artist. He learned to free associate on something during the day. Rather than directly remember the dream from the night before, his thought would wander on the day's events. Perhaps he might phase out on an object until it was crystal like the sun without the intense glare to make him squint. An object like a window with his reflection haunting the world within the glass. A door knob with its brass beauty of bending the scenery around him might open something so bizarre in nature Alaric often shouted aloud, "That is the language to approach an ant!" He truly loved

little beings of limited protocol. Less to worry about and more bliss than a monkey and its banana. Often times Alaric wondered if he was nothing more than the pulsing digits of positive and negative electrodes. Appearing highly advanced in the infinite combinations of imagination, but very basic in being. As if his architecture was the construction of the universe and the bricks were such simple figures. To regress to the nature of the ant. He might see himself high on the liquor of alternity trying to speak sense to himself. In the same way his dreams might speak volumes of being's records revolving around the center of existence. Something Alaric might see or remember from the past connected the combination of records that told the story of digits multiplying in positive and negative numbers to manifest the hierarchy of the metaphysical reality. Dreams often bombarded Alaric with grand designs of dialect not known to human understanding, as if code, it took a programmer to debug their message. Of all the dreams he did have they were all quite unique. But there was one theme running through his life like water. Alaric's dreams were all so advanced that he always went insane when he was submerged. Waking up was like being out of breath and swimming to the surface from the bottom of the ocean. Often times it took time to depressurize from the mystery of what might have been magical mathematics. The universal with a touch of a charm—like love from the structure of wavelengths as they echo between the stream of eyes.

Being the chamber of dreams Alaric slept in a sensory deprivation tank of soft cushion. With the scent of a woman's hair on his pillow and the water surrounding him in a warm blanket of skin the bedroom held a particular mystery. He decorated the walls to suit his philosophy. To construct the miracle he wished to give rise to his religion. Integrate fantasy into the properties of practical life and he had the basis of building clouds from brick. That the material world might morph from the lightning of illusion to reveal reality—the imagination. The work of art by Bo Newell called *Coming to Water* was above his bureau. Within the framed print was another print of an African wildlife scene. It was dry in the heat of the safari. Lions, zebras, giraffes, and elephants joined hands to honor what Alaric believed. They walked seamlessly from the print to another paradise within its world. There were plants and books, a letter opener and a canteen all upon a desk before the print of the wild. Bo Newell made little pets in his den with a bowl of water all within his work of art. Alaric went wild for art within art and he hoped for another stage. A new level to be achieved in the same way his eyes made glass of stone. Let them breathe he would hope, had he an offering of his own. There was a language of thought among all living creatures below the surface of this wretched cage of words. Water was a tongue of every moment along a line of seamless abstracts. But offer more than water. To outdo Bo Newell. Alaric might build an Ark if need be enough to make magic come in herds to his home. He certainly heard a voice call to him from the unconscious when he thought madly about the reality of mankind. Only because he was quite a distance from the world of every day life did it seem such decay. Vision had a way of walking with him along an alternate avenue of existence. Like a road that traveled around the earth there was another parallel to its position. Higher in the art of the atmosphere. Among the moisture of floating castles was the dream of the journey raining puddles of myth on the pavement.

Once, Alaric lived about the ways of nature. Free in the environment of the wooded walks through the absence of time. Endless days in the seasons of New England—an array of every phase in life where the cold winds dreamed of the seagulls in the sand. The kingdom of the wild was for Alaric to forget he had been born into domestication. To take form of the real life around him. But living in the dream world he created in his apartment he had no way out. Not unless a disturbance from another reality shocked his being did he have hope of finding a field of freedom instead of flowers—shadows, these things that surrounded the optics with the scent of air fresheners disguised as daisies.

An apartment of illusion, grand as that may be, illusion had become all the world there was to know. Nature was on the other side of the window while Alaric was trapped within the world of the window itself. Somehow the feeling made life seem late and the world got smaller as he thought so much about a machine. It was a chilling invention of human ingenuity to make the members of mankind bionic beings. Give the beast a number. Section of the wild into a zoo. Alaric could recall a vision as a child. More of a possession during sleep paralysis that shone a light on the end; a haunting voice to hear as a child, it simply said with a hot iron upon his forehead, "The end will come when we are all numbers." Nothing could be further from the truth. And in great hoards of a collective network there were statistics that told the tale of what used to be life before life. Universal language without a heart. The young and the free were born to become the compromising characters in the factory of the monetary system. Alaric hated the heartless progress of technology. He achieved his success, but he flavored the gears of the grandfather clock with the blood of the ghost. Give a number a soul and Alaric could change reality. That time might stand still for eternity. Perhaps on a number with a pathway to paradise. Walking on seamless abstracts he wrote his dreams. An extension of his ego plugged into the power supply of his apartment, pulsing with ones and zeros, played the corpse of his ghost.

To make the guardian of his dreams an image of the soul Alaric wanted a woman. This was something to symbolize the relationship he had with words. Not a conventional reality by any stretch of what Alaric understood to be real, but the synergy of anima and animus. Alaric wanted an angel to watch over him. Or perhaps a woman to keep him humble. Someone to hear his prayers when he awoke from the insane asylum he always dreamt of in his imagination. Another ghost to haunt him. One that bore the silent grace of hearing him dream with a whip of golden leather. Charles Edward Perugini was an artist from the 18th century. And he was a magnificent one at that. Above Alaric's computer desk was a heart as real as nature in a framed print called *In the Orangery*. What a stunning work of art to see a woman as real as she was sitting with a book. For Alaric, if he wasn't burned at the stake while traveling through time, he belonged with her in the age of the feathered pen and the diary of life when filled with a first love. Beauty so pure, Alaric bowed in remembrance of life's innocence. No words to describe a woman like this. She was real in form. The twin sister and the light of crystal reflecting from the moon. Alaric traveled back in time to be burned by the ecstasy of something so feminine. His electronic architecture of the artificial future was where he wrote his dreams to her. That he might make love with words, as she read in a radiant elegance of affection from her book. When Alaric wrote he was only concerned with capturing a state of mind. Something so high that he wanted Mozart to conduct a symphony by its side. Spirit was with him and Alaric's number was four. It was a number from the age of the Round Table. This was so Alaric might know the myth to be greater than his statistics. If only he could make the communion real, to stop time eternal on the watery walkway of four. The consummation of the self.

Alaric loved his world so much so that a disturbance from life was almost necessary. He couldn't stop creating magic and merging his heart with what was practical. On top of his desk and to the right of Alaric's guardian was a lamp. The ceramic sailor that stood at the wheel of the Ark was what made this particular lamp something more than magic. This was created by a late aunt and passed down to Alaric. His face was looking towards the sky as he gripped the helm in the midst of rounding the flat earth. Where the ocean raged and the heavens poured vengeance upon the continent of the chess board. He was real from every feature down to the silver beard that lined his jaw. Just a closer look and the third dimension of his spirit had a light from the center of the solar system. A breath of life, and wisdom was within his heart with the flip of a switch. The storm, or that which whirled

within the world of Alaric's field of vision when the face of the helmsman gripped against the watery wind, was a kaleidoscope of color on the canvas of claymation. To the right of the lamp was a small photograph of Alaric as a child. He was as happy as the light that had the gift to give his first full season. On the deck of a ship no doubt, and with the joy of seeing his first wheel. At that age Alaric was the greatest inventor of creating a round reality. That he might remember what design the universe of imagination handed down in the increments of dreams, as they developed into the chronicles of inner space captains.

The life of Alaric. Like that of finding an underwater forest in a desert oasis. What it was to be captive of the trees in all their talking tongues upon the wind of water. Liquid life or what it had become. Some will say those are dead who do not live. They are like zombies in the atmosphere with their thoughts light years away from themselves. Blind to all but within. Yet they are wealthy with the being of light. Such being is said to be secretly situated in the sanctuary of the psyche at the bottom of being. There is a private place within the soul. On the other side of the mirror where imagination is the authenticity of existence. But it is not healthy to abandon reality for myth. Nor is it wise to cheat reality of the world. Alaric was always told he had a responsibility to keep in touch. Alaric drifted to believe a person, or an individual character was a different country. The world was always ready for war and dealing with individuals took time to master strategy. If he was Atlantis what it would take to rise from the fathoms. This was the reason his apartment held the treasures from a chest in the wonderful world of drowning in peace. Alaric wanted the flowers of coral and the exotic life of sea to be everywhere. Beauty could never swim on asphalt.

It wasn't until the age of the machine that Alaric slowly submerged amongst the ghosts of his reflections. It was the mainframe of his haunting. Alaric withdrew more and more within his private world for fear it was the only world that could not possibly betray him. But imagination is the truth of what will be when the curtain comes down. The truth of what will be when the voices stalk the moon and astronauts never truly return to earth. There are creatures of a forbidden creation that haunt us from within. Often creatures of our own creation. Imagination is reality when nothing is left but the sound of a door slowly creaking shut. Prisoners prefer to take their chances in the mass population of a prison system rather than choose solitary confinement. The imagination is a terrible thing to be left alone with. More horror will arrive from worry than the event one worries about. Alaric became one to worry. And more often than not he worried about zebras. Not normal zebras either. They were the kind that raced outside his door with suits and ties. He feared his world would suffer a collapse. Not a normal knock on the door. But a bizarre turn of events of a cosmic kind might come crashing into his sanctuary when he had lost sight to such a degree. In reality, this was not the case. But Alaric didn't have a concept of that reality. It was a piece of clay to him. Something he could mold in anyway he wanted. Hopefully, the knock he feared he might hear was not going to be a cross. Not a stabbing puncture or some medieval time period to punish him at the stake. A zebra *Coming to Water* was beautiful in art. But if this animal was human what more fear than the grotesque nature that people possess.

Chapter Two:
The Soul of a Salesman

A door to an apartment is often just a way for someone to get in and out. Going about the business of daily routines with someone like Alaric keeping his head above water. Surfacing from time to time to pay bills and buy food. Wearing a smile to cover the tracks of his thoughts and looking meek while building a bunker at the bottom of the ocean. There is nothing special about the gateway between worlds other than the simple turn of an odd reflection in a knob and how it might leave a memory of the mind in a whirlpool.

In this sense, a door can be a double life. So much more to someone like Alaric, as he played with the power of perception. An entrance in and out of an identity is something with a secret on both sides of living. Within the cocoon of the womb, purged like a fragile glass ornament into the callous hands of mankind, a man learns to swim in the cement surrounding him being trapped within the grip of the will. Outside is a risky business of material concern where the butterfly is born into the air of iron. Yet take the doors of perception and open them wide. Allow the conscience of civilization into the conscience of creation where a home is Atlantis and worlds might unite, or tragedy might strike terror, they may never integrate as a whole. Realities of identity dissociate where something so predatory outside the realms of within and without makes its webbing a hurricane around the eye of the two worlds. Or perhaps in-between them. Too much too soon…the spinning arachnid of an eclipse cracks open the sky of a middle man anointing dual personalities. A seesaw of imagination where two people are joined by the center of something bizarre in the dimension of the doorway. The doorknob of the netting with an alien eye gazing back from the grave, as Alaric might turn it with the fear of his hand on fire, haunting himself from hell. Either in or out—what weird wonder lurks in the walk through the invisible wall of flames as baptized by two Gods. A third world in the passage to those that lose themselves between swimming free in the ocean and walking the coarse reality of land. Tangled in the kingdom of the doorway by what the mind may be beyond the sky of fresh air and air conditioning. The woven tapestry of a minister waiting to trap within its web the prey of alternity. One day Alaric might walk in and out of his own requiem.

At a time of calm, still sunken deep within his eyes, Alaric was found wondering where a good place to put another printed work of art might be. His apartment was a dome with a door that had yet to unleash the black widow upon the sky of the ceiling, which was already enough to paint *The Creation of Adam*. If only Alaric could create God. For now, his apartment was enough to lavish with the wave of a wand as Alaric made the walls breathe with gills of beauty. The world was vicious, running a marathon of mechanical creations to take over the human element of walking slowly with a smile. Mankind was always wide awake with war outside, living in the noise of construction to create chaos.

Alaric was with the world of sunlight one particular morning thinking about a sign he often saw on the road. It simply read, “End Construction.” Funny how when he was a child words played with his head. He had a strange notion that the writing on the road was a protest sign. An anti-establishment statement crossed over from the sixties when lazy intellectuals promoted peace from the comfort of their beds. As an adult Alaric wondered how a woman could puppeteer a person to take a band into nine numbers. Revelations with a touch of backwards words adding more of a mess to the already bizarre interpretations of the original. But even more than the number of the beast, Alaric was odd, wondering why the sign he saw as a child didn’t make sense to society the way it once did to him.

Funny how words played more athletic competitions when the seasons spiraled further beneath the surface of civilization. Alaric was certainly weary of what might be being built on the crowded street of commotion. A convenience store, or perhaps a cosmic outpost for critters from the world of science fiction. Alaric was a paranoid policeman trying to listen to every conversation on the corner of a busy intersection. But even if he uncovered the noise of a few people talking there was a secret language for every individual.

Trying to block out the clutter of confusion Alaric began writing about a dream. From the isolation tank to the computer, he had dreamt that he held the answer to the reason why reality was like a riddle rounding the surface of an apple, an orange, or perhaps a more exotic trinity of fruit to compare the two. Alaric could taste the truth with the eyes of a fly. To Alaric, the tree gave birth to the greatest gift of life. It was from the tree that there rippled the design of cosmic intelligence. The purest form of reproduction spread across the earth with the seeds of something as explosive as a third world war. The nuclear winter of earth in a complete reconstruction of nature was the new face of man. Some might say the human race is an advanced creature upon the face of the earth. Man is an animal that might be born to contribute to the cosmos. But he, she, or it that receives this contribution might see something struggling against itself. Even the call of the artist that cries out across the universe seems to be trapped within the anguish of a world too dark to sustain its own life.

Alaric screamed oceans on canvas that his being might be eternal in the midst of the oblivion that he walked into with each new moment. The seasons of an immense uproar are always certain to recreate the world as we know it. The artifacts of Alaric are what he imagined to be pieced together to create him again. He had hoped that there was Atlantis. To live under the world within and to be discovered to be more than the myth. Still intact with squid and life too angelic to inhabit the exterior of earth. Alaric needed to build a religion to tell the tale of life before the rise of his statistics. The number of the beast, or perhaps the number of a Golden Retriever fetching a stick figure of four. Cast against the waves of summer so alive with meditative sounds inside the sun of forms. A light from a tunnel of mirrors into the art of retrieving reflection. Swimming with joy for the broken branch of fruit tasting like a dream of Eden too simple to know he was naked. The life and mind of a dog, pure of being as silly as the careless concern of the mind's eye on nothing but the moment. How Alaric felt so deeply in touch when he spoke with a dog it was so much more than the brotherhood Lennon imagined.

The dream Alaric was retrieving was one in which symbols were hard to identify specifically. More of a massive blueprint or general theme that was running away from itself as Alaric surfaced from the deprivation of his world within a private world. Alaric seldom spent time floating while conscious, but believed it better to sleep like heaven on the shoulders of saints. There was a deeper dialogue of dreams in isolation and water washed away worry as whispers from a woman soothe the soul for sacred unions. Letters of the alphabet became abstracted from sound in the same sense that fingers might fly characters of a cryptic font from a keyboard to an illusion of a bizarre story. Alaric could tap into the core expression of any concept and create a kingdom from whatever archetype he might imagine, being as odd as the account of mankind. Yet some of his dreams were too embedded in an abstract design to understand their analysis. That was for the next generation to ponder. He simply gave them the pieces. Unfortunately, this particular dream was going to have to wait until Alaric felt free from the hostilities of man—thirsty for repeating history like the earth in its orbit and coming closer to vomit its lava in Alaric's sea of security. It wasn't just an apartment that had a doorway where the world would enter. Something outside of existence wished to cross the threshold of Alaric's brain. Something on the kettle like the torment of watching cannibals boiling his eyes.

Alaric's worry began to grow about the world he wished away and the gaze on the other side of himself—the alien eye of his doorway, as it wove a geometric mother ship of abducting earth into a different orbit. With his worry, a viscous clock was revolving like existence without an exit, yet ready to strike the hour with the call of a vulture. Time stalks the sitting man with the rage of motion's revenge. Exactly what it was that might destroy his dream was as clear to Alaric as a curtain come down upon the face of man. But Alaric knew this was a world of change and bubbles burst when they reached the surface of the water. Perhaps in a parallel universe he lived within his apartment for infinite series of lifetimes, as he caught a memory in any given moment to glimpse a fold in time. Ghosts of a conceptual kingdom haunting himself from beyond his own grave. Not a whisper with the wind or a footprint on the sand. But the beat of a heart like a hammer on the drums of his ears. Something began to knock like a meteor on the moon. Once at first…and then it began again, until there was a pounding rhythm of tribal men and the dancing memories of the damned, as they were animated with mankind.

Alaric heard knock-knock jokes much too often. Mostly from the corny comedians with the sense of humor of his Grandfather. He imagined when the funny little guy reached a certain age in life he became sillier than rabbits. Grandpa, with his short stature and big belly, the Santa Claus without the costume, was always a silly man. Yet even the Bible played a cosmic comedy on the door of creation. I am who am was the breath of laughter, as that which heaven is for those who find Elvis leaving the building, the bird that flies out the window of the universe. Laughter like a flight of spirals into the first sound of the wind upon the world, as it gust the grandeur of all too much dynamic designs to fathom. Feathers forcing their freedom to touch the origin of the ocean on the edge of the island known to mortal man. Who is there and who is who…it was enough to make Alaric cough as he laughed with the man on the moon. Especially when it was Andy at the door gone over the edge as a professional wrestler. But when the structure of the joke was something to behold in the reality of living in the womb with no sense of the comedy an alien may play upon the poor earthling of his apartment, Alaric feared finding who was there. The archetype of an extraterrestrial was more than fascinating in a dream, but Alaric could burn his hand with a cigarette and be certain he was dreaming only in the sense his dream could cause him pain. A creature come from Alaric's imagination, as it manifest itself in a material form, looking to abduct him into the absurd was not as humorous as one might think. Everyone knows about the men in white coats. Or perhaps they are the men of maintaining the rules of reality, which of course are regulations for the cattle of mankind. They certainly are not a set of laws written with a figment upon a wall of water. When Alaric was withdrawn these were men of cosmic conspiracy, with their clinical calculations and a mind for measuring emotion with a ruler, they had a million eyes suddenly seeing every section of his soul. They didn't have white coats either. They had hair like a fly with the buzz of an annoyance so bizarre it blistered the vibration of sound.

What Alaric's vision could imagine of the banging at his door was infinite forms of Satan being selected from the database of human existence. His ears began to bleed from the scratching at his eyes, as though he saw the sound too vividly. "Who the hell is there?" Alaric wanted to scream. There was a quiet thunderclap of thought with a violent violin in a concerto of the black hole he was succumbing to. Mozart was writing fire upon the psyche like a psychic on acid. But Alaric didn't want to listen. "If I just keep still and suffer the sound they will go away." Alaric thought to himself. He was in his underwater world where he wished to remain. Where his dreams were like a dolphin swimming freely with a young heart. Come to the surface and find man, or an alien of mankind, well, that was like running naked through a burning building. If only Alaric didn't think on a cosmic level of conspiracy when he internalized too long from the deprivation tank to a journal of severed worlds.

With something also in-between them weaving the art of the outer edge, the concept of alternity. An abstract reason from the intuition of his imagination—something too alien to escape—the eye atop the pyramid. As irrational as it may be, superstition of the supernatural, and a knock of a hand could become a fantastic fear. A knock of horror like that of the universe, angered and organized against Alaric.

Alaric sat frozen beneath the frame of his hearts content where a woman watched over him. How a woman might bring balance, within the harmony of heaven. Tainted with a twist of devilish eyes as she might have actually come to life, looking up from reading her book. That she might sow the atoms of Alaric's universe with a whip of golden fire. He had hoped she read the dream he was writing to bring about a stream of consciousness to create the architecture of something innovative. It seemed to Alaric that his computer was an instrument of alchemy. But whatever fiend of fire was at the door Alaric knew he had better luck leaving it there. And after a fossil of time, like that of Alaric as a mummified man, the knocking on the roof of the sky suddenly stopped. Alaric breathed easy as he looked towards the door that had become harmless. Rather than the wood of a window to Mars it was the pillow of a portal to Venus. A few moments passed before Alaric decided to check the hallway for craters from the cosmic collision with his private planet. Slowly unlocking the door his mind was like a cushion of water and his senses were like puddles. With a quiet and softly spoken motion of the mind the opening door let ripples of reality fill Alaric's senses with ink, as it colored the world of his perception. He carefully looked up and down the hall as not to attract attention to the fact that his face was naked beneath the gold of an electric sun. The camera in the hall was enough to create the headlight of a movie like that of animated snow men melting in the hell of losing the privacy of playing in the yard. Before closing the door to retreat into the birth of creation Alaric noticed that the baby Moses in a brilliant blanket of cardboard had been sent to him via the UPS.

For all Alaric's worry and all Alaric's concern someone in a shipping uniform was at the door to deliver a package. A regular person with a regular name and an electronic signature pad made their way into the apartment complex to drop something off. Alaric never met the zebra of his outrageous imagination. This Satan, this animal of man or women beneath her beauty, which stalked him throughout his entire life, never once came to be. Or perhaps the fiend was too clever to simply shadow Alaric. Many people are known to follow bread crumbs to hell. Lucifer is wise to this flaw, letting a light shine where the angel wishes the world will follow. After all, a tunnel with a radiant rainbow revolving around the center of her fragrance of flowers is too tempting to go after, rather than the sacrifice required to let love go. It wasn't simply knowledge. It was law. Eternal life was certain at a price, had Alaric the wisdom to know what to pay.

Alaric never imagined the UPS might be a cult of some kind. They were rather friendly people, sign with a modern day pen like magic on an electronic slate of stone and Christmas came at any given day of the year. Something always seemed inviting about the mystery of a wrapping paper colored with thick brown cardboard. The package, or tube with a letter attached to it was what Alaric assumed to be another print to decorate his apartment. Exactly what he was hoping to receive—he wanted another ghost to haunt a new section of his life. "Someone must be monitoring the wish list of my manic necessity to make strange love with my imaginary friends. Yes indeed…my brain is happy." Alaric thought aloud. He always tried hard to hide the goofy grin and bulging eyes that made appear to be a dangerous dork.

He didn't order this one. Perhaps Mozart was writing fire upon the psyche like a psychic on acid, and what a way to introduce a work of art. But quickly, he hurried back into his apartment before the camera made a motion picture of the old woman across the hall grabbing his ear. She loved to make

him bleed to death on the drum she wished to bang with the opera of politics that took place in the building. Safe and secure, with a swift kick of the door, and the coral reef of Alaric's underwater world became his again. A baby in a blanket down the river of reality was the gift that had been given to breathe with the gills of aquatic art. And it was art that redeemed the human race from its sickening condition of self mutilation. It was now time for Alaric to open another image of life itself and discover the reason for this seaworthy reward.

To Alaric's surprise he opened an instrument of the eye. Or it was an apple of art upon the face of man. This was something that might suggest a million different and potentially helpful faces of ghosts from the grave of creation. All within the crystal ball that mimicked the moon. Magritte, the master of clairvoyance, had painted *The Son of Man* standing frigid with the feeling of a business mind. His rounded top hat and tie with a deep blue suit of spades was the ace of the tarot. The Christ of Eden, as he appeared to exist, as he appeared to be perfect, as he appeared on paper, reminded Alaric of someone that came to sell vacuum cleaners. To demonstrate the ability to devour the dirt of clutter that kept stretching out from the origin of thought. Most salesmen come selling circles. They never seem to advance beyond the point of day to day sales for the sake of making more profit with their soul. A few sales here and there and the next day it is all over again. Like a machine of a person pushing for the sale of the century in a circle of selling shoes. It doesn't happen. Yet Alaric suspected more than the business attire of building bricks on top of a lake and the promise of a pyramid on a dollar. How ridiculous to preserve the self for eternal rest with the stone blocks of paper buying figments of that which appears to be real. As though the eye of the alien can be achieved by corporate America.

But even so, it was as if *The Son of Man* was from the age of the newly invented vision machine. That famous contraption to be considered a fad. Where irony hit the population with a fantasy world and a reality on small screens, only to flip the coin of imagination and truly watch realism rather than live it. Though Alaric thought of a time before Ed Sullivan took music to the world with young women in manic masses screaming in hysterics to hold four lads hands. Imagine…it was revolutionary at the time. But when the world was even more naïve, with a new generation still young in their raccoon hats, someone sold Alaric a vacuum cleaner. *The Son of Man* didn't have a face, which was very peculiar. Instead there was an apple in front of him telling the story of trees and seeds and the appetite of mankind. What better way to sell shoes than performing a free association of faces that the garden might give of its greatest gift. This was a salesman with a soul. Someone with the knowledge of the craft to tell the most original story of seeing the fruit of the moon like an eye of an alien. Of course this all seemed familiar to Alaric. It wasn't the first time he dreamt of something that manifested itself in conventional reality, in the same way wise men dream of a star that it might be written on earth. Alaric's premonition of what was in the package as he was writing of the dream he had while he heard someone at the door was just that. Like guessing what was in a Christmas present or imagining the next life, Alaric had a pretty good idea what he asked for. He loved this print as soon as he opened it and knew it would hang in the same room with Magritte's other print that he owned.

The letter addressed to Alaric was from The Neuro Art Institute. He had almost forgotten that he was a valued customer of their cutting edge development of neurological based products. This was something of a new age society with members across the world. They specialized in high tech mind machines such as light and sound as well as biofeedback devices. They also carried an assortment of highly advanced hypnotherapy with specialized brain hemisphere synchronization rhythms underlying all of their audio programs. Alaric knew that the institute had many different courses for astral projection and out of body experiences. They mainly specialized in relaxation and deep meditation courses for individuals looking to find ways to transcend their daily lives. Also, they had a lucid

dream device and taught courses on awakening the sleeping eye. Alaric had been made aware of the many different courses available at the institute many times. He owned his own light and sound device, or mind modulator, as well as one of the lucid dream inducers. He had many audio programs that he practiced on his own for deep meditation and leaving the body. Though he never visited with the Institute to take one of their more advanced classes, or guided tours of expanding consciousness.

The letter he received was an announcement that made Alaric wonder if dreams are intertwined with the forthcoming event of the future. As if tomorrow was indeed the product of the mind's eye to visualize the next moment or series of events. The Neuro Art Institute received its name on the presumption that the mind was a work of art, and the artist was the brain. The mind body connection was not simply a slab of stone with an idea chiseled on its face. There was a creative process between the two that was not unlike Michelangelo within the Sistine Chapel. An entire religion could be created around the limit of the sky with the work of neurons firing from the core of the creator. What struck Alaric so much so about this announcement from the Institute was a new course that they had devised based on a breakthrough in neuroscience technology. The Institute had developed a dream imaging device called The Eclipse, which was designed to photograph the REM activity of an individual's dream. Not an MRI or image of the brain, but an actual work of art that could be scanned from the visual activity within the retina. The course was said to last a month or so and expand upon psychoanalysis and the therapy of dream interpretation. Being something so innovative this product had yet to go mainstream in the field of science. A device of this nature was still considered for the population of paranormal phenomena. But things of that nature intrigued the artist in Alaric and his need to reach beyond his physical being. The grail came in the form of the future and tomorrow was the wine of eternity. Alaric suspected a revolution in the way he could change reality, or in the way he wanted to build his religion.

All in all this was a good day. People do not normally receive a work of art and an opportunity to test the limits of their mind with a neurological novelty. The Neuro Art Institute's main campus was situated in Europe with smaller facilities around the world. They were more of an underground establishment with sites on the Internet and recognition through word of mouth. It was something Alaric might consider if he was a bit younger with the energy to travel. But he was very comfortable. He'd prefer it if The Eclipse was available for retail sale so he could test it at home. But something of this nature was too expensive to be put on the market for home use. And of course the device was still in an experimental stage. The Neuro Art Institute was most likely advertising for subjects to beta test the product. But there wasn't much that could truly make Alaric leave his mad microcosm of the Dead Sea for an adventure both in personal development and social activity.

Alaric decided to purchase a frame for *The Son of Man* that day and didn't seem to mind too much that he was out there, among the many people pretending to be dead. His apartment was now complete. Alaric cast the spell of Michelangelo and his mind was a garden. His heart seduced with his own miniature model of the Sistine Chapel. It was enough to chant the future of another dream and pray to the Gods of the mind's eye. Alaric needed to live, but he loved the art of his private life so much so that his life was with the wild of what he could imagine. It was his imagination. That was his life. Had he been deceased already he was haunting himself and no one else. Invisible to the world and waiting for a live one that he might have fun being dead. Alaric never knew. To him it was uncertain. Had he already died or never been here there was no proof to Alaric that he wasn't living in the after life already. This place was a purgatory where he waited to manifest his soul into the form of the living. Yet the threshold need appear at some point to wake the sleeping watchman. Now that he had been challenged to dissect what he was so fascinated with when he was an archeologist of

Atlantis it seemed life shown a shimmer of becoming alive again. Eternity was dead, but animated with angels of art when the moon came blinding like the eye of an alien.

Normally, Alaric's present life was uneventful. But being a day that made his home a haunting image of a finish line outside the concept of time, he retired. His head wandering like an ant on a large slab of stone—his pillow holding the promise of a reality inside the center of its rock, he drifted. Further and further away Alaric fell from the noise into nothing. And slowly sailing from the vantage point of the Earth unto the atmosphere of Venus where the thinking thing had become a sun upon every matter in its path. Alaric began to envision a dream. Slightly conscious at the time and well aware of his lucidity, he started to see his apartment with his eye lids closed like bricks built upon each other. At once it struck. An electric surge through the center of his nervous system was like lightning touching his spine with the positive and negative ends of a car battery. The bricks just burst like balloons of nitrous oxide. Alaric fell victim to a moment of joy when his eyes rolled backwards into his head, as his only thought was to let the light be. In the theater of the mind he was with the free, the dead, and the sages of the collective. And so Alaric began to dream of the authenticity of art.

The first pieces of the puzzle were what made Alaric dream in the third dimension. Often times his dreams could be put together like paint by number masterpieces of virtual reality. Alaric was walking within the womb of darkness where he left behind the footprints of this concept called upon by society to honor. Leaving behind the lemmings and their real world for the sake of a surreal sun shining its eye upon Alaric's arms, he cursed the day when he was with the world. Something in front of him seemed far truer in nature. Eternal life, but Alaric knew there was a price. He reached to hinder so much of the brilliance from blinding his travel from the moment into the long leap of tomorrow, or what was created by the madman that conjured the wheel. Such an invention bordered on insanity in the inspiration that envisioned it. Like an inanimate statue violating the properties of time and space, such was the giant bound from the birth of mankind to the mass transit system. A creature of stone came to conquer the world. Or perhaps make it a field day for an alien race to devour. Whatever the case, Alaric could see the reality beyond the world with an eye looking in on the silly human race. And there was someone with him in the dream. He was a guide or giver of light. Not quite *The Son of Man*, but more so the father of the son. "Follow me to fruition. I hold the eye of the absent, the alien of alternity." Alaric heard the old man speak as he struggled to bring the light within his entire field of vision.

Alaric suddenly thought of Plato and at once he was free from the paralysis of his sleep. His eyes wide with sun spots and colors circling his apartment. He had been half blinded by a vision of history's greatest father. Alaric once heard life was an animated form of death. Yet the wizard of the real and the good, known of beauty and ideals, was master of the seed that gave birth to the frozen statue of the tree. He who leaves life to let go of the living may see death in the light of its animated eye. Alaric saw the geometric, the continuum, the hierarchy of form, time modified outside the limits of its perception. And the third dimension was a box that he happened out of by the purity of thought, as the coffin of the cube sat still in what he left of life. Alaric happened upon hyperspace, where satellites and shuttles are from the Stone Age. "What a magnificent idea for a painting!" Alaric cried in ecstasy as he tried to regain his vision in the dim of his bedroom.

Alaric spent the next day or so trying to capture the authenticity of neurological art. It was the first time he painted in quite a while and a fever struck him to create like a child devouring a chocolate cake. As if it was his birthday, Alaric saw something so vivid as to revitalize his sense of self. He was in love with his art when he was thirsty from the desert of uninspired hallways and corridors that made up the maze. When Alaric painted life was the labyrinth of a library. There were certain books

that had relevance to each other. Each one he had to read in order to free himself from the creative process. Or more accurately put, complete a work of art. He would let thought wander on the pages of his life and the pages of the big picture. It occurred to Alaric in a soft stroke of the brush that the portal was open before him. His adventure was at hand and nothing could prevent this dream from being brought to being. A prophecy was whispered in the way he made love to the canvas. In the way he made love to a dream it was certain that a dream was what he wanted to love. Working with The Eclipse sounded even more exotic than his hidden fantasies of caressing fire with a kiss. Alaric completed the painting and he completed himself as an occupant of his microcosm. The world had prophesized someone from the grave of life. Alaric was alive like a dolphin spreading the wings of its mutated legs, and determined to fill the nirvana of eternity with his being.

Chapter Three:
The Wildcard

Alaric was indeed alive, but to the extent of living delirious. He drew the wildcard from the oddest deck of creation. About to become a creature in a sudden turn of events that made him more than human. More than mere reality. He was engineered with psychic ingenuity and equipped with a veracity that wore an outfit like that of mansions on the moon. His painting from the dream…more than just an ordinary illusion on canvas. It was the heart of another level to be achieved in the art of existence. From Plato and his *Allegory of the Cave* an entire story within the story of the dream came to life in the mind of Alaric. Where he was headed was towards the real, as that which the world mocks as fantasy when an individual returns with an authentic photograph of sun spots.

The apartment seemed real enough to stare at the shadows on a computer screen of what reality had become. But there was something in the back of Alaric's mind projecting that which appeared to be the actual art of true appearance. The figure leading him from the cave held a resemblance to his natural Grandfather on his mother's side. The ghost of his soul had come eons across the continuum of the collective network of forms. He had something to say, more than what was said in the dream about the absent eye of alternity. Those were simply words he spoke in condensed cans of whip cream loaded with a new religion of nitrous oxide. Words waiting to be grown in the garden of a conversation between the two of them if Alaric turned around long enough against the blinding light to gaze at the reflection of his mind's eye. As though the mirror of such was missing from the machinery of thought beyond the horizon of language, as words might be parted like the sea of the new Moses.

Alaric meditated for days on the painting. Hoping to quote the old man with a conversation between the two hemispheres of his brain. As his left hemisphere might play catch up with the logic to rationalize the authority of what the right brain might command as prophecy for Alaric to fulfill. The unconscious well of creativity was abundant in Alaric's thought process more so than his ability to reason such imagination with the eye of a master theorist. Alaric created ahead of himself, before he filled the shoes of what he was actually trying to say. Often times it was the case that his personal art bore a significant role in a relationship with someone he might discuss the work with. Needing an angel or devil on his shoulder to resolve the meaning of what his art might fulfill as prophecy in conventional reality. In other words, Alaric needed an analyst with a PhD to perform psychoanalysis of the dreams he created. On his own, it took Alaric time to agree on an actual story to associate to the symbols of his work. But meditating long enough on the soap operas of his dream world often led him to fill the faceless characters of his art with an identity that had its own driver's license. Before Alaric knew it he found himself bringing canvas to the fountain of its own occupancy in existence. The acrylic paint whirled with the aura in his eyes to organize a union between the energy of his optics and the imagination of the mind's eye. As such was in accordance with art as authentic as virtual reality. Weaving the essence of art and mind into the reality of one world until Alaric was within the realm he fabricated. Becoming an animated portrait of a virtual person stepping into a painting that held the properties of a real world. So real as to approach the three dimensional figure of his Grandfather.

The old man suddenly spoke. "Alaric, you always knew how to merge heart and practical to make something happen. It's good to see you kid. And it is even better to have broken through the boundary of your imagination on a level such as this. We always talked about things, but now I really have your ear. In the sense that I am speaking to you from the foundation of your soul. You always got bored

listening to me, but now I have your full attention. I have come to prepare you for the road ahead. You never listened to me when I said you would be tested. You always thought I was a silly old man. I was a drill sergeant in World War Two, you know the story. I wouldn't preach if I hadn't been tested myself. The time has arrived for you kid. The angel of death is closer than you realize. What might make a good test? How about a time bomb in front of your face as you count the seconds ticking away? A clock of existence ready to break you with an implosion while you are bound by the rules of reality. Something with the passing of each moment as the pressure increases in increments. A confrontation with existence as you scroll the art of your religion. You heard me right kid, a religion. Its going to have to be designed to alter the course of the fate you are unfolding. You are going to have to change the rules of reality. This will be no easy test, but remember where you got your brains from."

Alaric laughed. "Yes, Grandpa…I got my brains from you. Please don't be offended if I don't say thanks. What the hell are you doing in my delusion? I was expecting to have a conversation with Plato or Socrates. You always did make a peculiar entrance in my life as the absent minded professor. So you say I am to be tested and I am meant to create a religion? Won't that disturb people if I change the rules of the game? I mean, people are happy…as long as you eat shit and die. What will they say about someone who defines his own truth opposite that of common sense? If the time bomb doesn't implode the universe I'm sure to be laughed off the face of the earth. Are they going to set me on fire or make me carry a cross? Perhaps my religion might serve aliens better than people."

"Alaric, you always made me laugh. The right people will fall in suit. Those are the only people that exist. Others are cardboard cutouts with no sense of self. You should have learned who to listen to and who are the zombies of society's zoo. Besides, you know you take your life into your own hands simply by stepping outside your door, you know that right? You already have a target on your forehead. I do hear things you know. Such is life among Italians. They'll hit you for crossing the street. I don't even want to get into organized witchcraft. Do you realize how deeply you have delved? What do you care what they say if you shake things up a bit?" his Grandfather asked.

"Well, it would be nice to fool with their heads for a change. I think I might like that. But you have to be kidding, a religion? Can I set the world on fire like that? I have this churning idea of learning a tongue to talk with animals, but people are like creatures more heinous than the religions that they devise to control the world with fear. All in the name of a God. What do I want to put faith in a God for so I can bow down and serve my master as the puppeteer of my every waking thought? Why not go back to school and get a masters degree so hypocrites can fill me full of ideas that will make me a killer tomato?" Alaric asked.

"Alaric, you come from the world of the wildcard. There is no need to establish a religion of any known convention. You are free to take tradition by the throat and strangle its control over the freedom of your thought. Soon enough you will find yourself in a clearer view. But I can tell you now that this is the world you imagine it to be. What you envision appears before you as you take each step forward. Light a match, push the button, split the atom…whatever you want to do with mankind, it's your world to conquer. Have the same sick sense of humor as God. It's your turn to invent the universe." Alaric's Grandfather seemed serious enough to make him appear comical.

"I never could figure out what Grandma saw in you. You're such a goof. But if you say so I shall invent the universe from the construction of my own brain, as bizarre as I can possibly imagine my footsteps might leave the mud of its mold. And why not rearrange reality into a new religion? I foresee a future where cats and dogs play nice with each other," Alaric said, quite proud of his dream.

His Grandfather grew even more serious like that of a raging clown sent from Mars. “Make light of it Alaric, but you foresaw and fabricated me into your future. You drew the wildcard and you know in your gut you’ve always wanted more than the earth could offer. Stop fooling around and finally get off your goddamn ass! You were always such a lazy Jesus. There is a road on the other side of reality where your existence is relevant to a raw surge of power in altering the course of mankind. And about Grandma, I kept a healthy marriage with her for decades. How long have you managed to maintain a relationship with a woman? I understand you have some issues, smart ass.”

“Okay, you’re right…I have plans for mankind. I just haven’t unfolded them in front of the weight of existence. It seems an unavoidable task I’ve been putting off for fear of folding under the pressure. But that is the test, right? The longest day of the universe showering like a thunderstorm of meteors. And about women, I was serious. I foresee a future where cats and dogs play nice with each other. You know how my mother hates men. She got it from you and passed the monster to me. I’m not to blame for the shit I got dealt,” Alaric said.

“You’re a kid, kid. Resolve your issues and decide on an outcome. As I said, the angel of death is upon you sooner than you might think. You have no choice but to sit before the big screen and project an ending from the power of your own imagination. One that might change the properties of what can be known, what can be conceived in altering the consciousness of mankind.” From the greatest generation to Atari, Grandpa gave Alaric bionic brains.

“So I have no choice at this point but to scroll the weight of existence into a new ending for mankind. I bear the outcome of the universe. My decisions may weigh heavier in altering death than letting it overcome me. I have such power that I can control the cosmos, but I can’t get laid. Am I right?” Alaric asked.

“You have to decide that for yourself. You will never know the outcome of your decision until you have created the reality of it, which isn’t always the reality we expect. But you can fabricate the future if you foresee it correctly. On the other hand, I can’t help you with women. You’re hopeless. And besides, I still haven’t figured your Grandmother out. I just know that she is happy when I keep my big mouth shut,” his Grandfather replied.

“Okay, I have a pretty good imagination. I will alter the time bomb into a window. I just don’t know what is outside of it yet. Who knows? If there is a woman I’ll be damned no matter what direction I take,” Alaric said.

“Such is life kid. You’ll have better luck controlling the cosmos. Before you walk any further from me into the eye of your painting I have one last bit of wisdom to impart. Whenever you get to close to something in life you become irrational. Remember that. Now get ready for the rest of alternity.” Grandpa’s final warning seemed to resonate like tremors in Alaric’s central nervous system.

Alaric walked further into the painting as a slave might walk from the cave that Plato constructed from the genius of implanting its seed in the dreams of mankind. The sun of forms was a mother ship of something as supernatural as the collective itself. And there was something eternal. Alaric was sure to figure it out on the road to scroll his religion into an abnormal eye of abstract art. Just what this absent eye of alternity was left Alaric puzzled with the missing pieces of becoming irrational. He began to apprehend his conversation within the authenticity of art as a world within the metaphysics of what he imagined. And suddenly sensing he was coming too close to living in an alternate reality caught within the doorway, the eye his Grandfather held was bugging out of the sun of forms. Just whose eye this was could not be comprehended with the limited protocol of Alaric’s ant like existence.

Being miniature as a muscle of mind from the life of an insect the magnificence in front of Alaric

appeared the center of insanity, too far into the future. A fracture in fantasy appeared to part the ocean of language while making words oppose reason with the reality of something raw. It was before the road of Alaric's religion that his author paid a visit. The puppeteer of creating Alaric's consciousness created a hole in the existence of the story he was writing, as if to set motion to the scroll of Alaric's awakening and breathe reality into Alaric's character from that of an ant to that of Goliath. Alaric's author, the programmer of Alaric's biocomputer, spoke the words of an eye from the sun of forms. Freaking Alaric out with the irrationality of the future too soon, as his Grandfather claimed he always became in coming too close to something in life. The eye of a puppeteer in Alaric's art of delusion suddenly appeared from a window of reality to give Alaric a greater sense of self. Time to be tested as his Hrandfather claimed. This was too bizarre to be merely a dream. Alaric turned around and got his ass in gear. As if the eye was a clock ready to implode Alaric with the weight of his suddenly conscious being. Abruptly Alaric owned the eyes of his author. And Alaric sure wasn't prepared to touch the secret too soon without first forging the religion of this encounter as he was unexpectedly given the gift of eyes to alter the course of mankind. The road was ready and Alaric was eager to make sense of the dynamics that now complicated the oddity of his life in language. He was of course a reality winding into the written word, of which he set his sights to write for himself.

Chapter Four:
The Road Less Fantasized

The road, a river of unnatural force unto an ocean of intersections—where the right brain dominates the clutch, the pedal, the brake, the wheel, and the reaction time to the perception of every fume polluting the air with the noise of civilization televising its microcosms of circles. Racing around the track are turtles, injected with the morning scent of rich black water with the added ink of steroids for the carburetor. Shell people, of aerodynamic attitudes, too quick to temper, mice in the wheel too simple to know the speed at which they push their progress. An evolution into covering the entire earth with the cloth of constructing a concrete world. Society watching and cheering from the grand scale, impatient with weapons of their own road rage. Alaric only drove to get from here to there and back to here believing it was within the world of an author's mad mind that he truly belonged. The novelist writing what he wished of dreaming, his eyes wide from the sun of forms buried deep beneath the ocean of Atlantis, that Alaric was alive, an intelligence of his own, and his life was the daylight among the damned of the maze to worship the walls that kept them confined.

From the retrogression of man into the origin of species within the metal machine, as the western world walked backwards into technology on a cushion of inflated rubber, it was the ruin of the earth infested with fleas. Sooner or later in an uproar of fury Atlantis might find new neighbors. Become dependent on a calculator to figure out the mathematical language of every reality of thought and Einstein never takes to formulating the power of his own imagination. Breed tons of traffic going back and forth and humans never pushe the envelope into the hierarchy of pure thought. What exists is very advanced machinery with a conscience so small they must have a trained mechanic rip them off at the garage. Martin Luther King once said something to the effect that we have guided missiles and misguided men. The mass transit system can be simply summed up—nuclear warheads making their way to work. And off to work they go in a traffic jam to honk and holler. Too many people making too many problems and everyone on earth is fueled with the hunger of creating chaos in a real hurry. Mankind must slave to keep the system in order, organized with the clock of manufacturing unending orbits around the source of insanity—brilliant, but blinding and bizarre. Running to catch up to something that catches them from behind.

The road, as less traveled by the millions of people who bought the book. What road there might be of fantasy, to revise a map of reality from a dream—just as the day of Alaric's aftermath of the alien eye presenting him with the absence of alternity. A creature like that of the cosmos eating the ant of itself, devouring it from the cave and causing a revolt of the road as the sun of forms was the new wheel to drive. Where the fantasy of flight frees from the road of misguided missiles, and humans making progress with the frontal cortex to create rearward realities of dead births. The freeway to one of the facilities near the northern shoreline was crowded with The Eclipse come true and blinding the day with the dawn of what Alaric might dream. Driving was just as easily a mountain stream from the eye of the pyramid to the land, with the blood of the Nile in an artery of earth. Free, like that of cigarette smoke exhaled in fluid spirals of passing moments through the sun shown in a shadowy room. Flying high was an orgasm when driving to the satellite of earth. Going somewhere, that Alaric might augment the rungs on the ladder of his high-minded mood. A missile guided to hover the ground with the gift of a dream sprouting mushrooms upon the magic of a different target. Freely flowing through the breeze to savor the scent of the salt air like an astral body of four wheels. To wage war like a feather floating with the ease of a wooden ship upon the ocean of asphalt.

The Neuro Art Institute near the shoreline of Rhode Island was a harbor for the craft of magic. Alaric was caught up in the revolutions of flying free and higher towards levels of something sublime in the way the moon cast a shadow and radiated a ring of fire. Burning his eyes out on his destination, mind set on cruise control, the radio conjured relics of progressive rock. Yes played "Starship Trooper", mesmerizing the sound of alternative English and teasing the brain to believe one word led to another like crystal led to the Honda Accord of the next chord that Alaric was driving. The music of the washer machine cycled the car, the road, the scenery, and Alaric himself into the laundry of three dimensions caught on canvas. That someone might paint from a dimension outside of existence. Perhaps a deity of a dialect in the form of an abstract design conceiving the cosmos. Driving free from the words and off of the page like water floating in solid bubbles of an astronaut's experience in weightless reverie.

After the dream of his Grandfather, glorious with gold, Alaric left no word of his departure. His whisper with the wheel was a scream of fasting for a lesson in reality, as the greatest lessons are learned alone. Rubbing his eyes, like a young teen running away from home to demand the freedom of the road, Alaric grabbed hold of the vision reshaping itself like impressionist art in his windshield. The summer shoreline of Rhode Island was a sculpture of earth like that of castles in the sand created with the joy of daydreams at the beach. Something from childhood in a movie of the memory where photographs drew portraits of pleasure with buckets of sand, walking through the dunes to feel the sparkle from the sun beneath his feet. The heat of the pedal and the breeze of a billion particles splashing the color of shapes to come. Alaric raced to recognize the road he was on, not unlike a venture into a video game of the mind's theater.

His destination—eternity, with a taste of alternate existence. The moon in his eyes with a ring of fire radiating around the sky. That he might dream his journey as a motorist from the metaphysical world of what it is to travel when the road is a river unto the sea of creative calculations. Like seamless thoughts of soaring from one concept in an elegant wave unto the next. Looking out the window of the bus, as often the case throughout his life. The scenery was gorgeous and coming straight at him with rushing speeds of reality on the adrenaline of animated art. Driving sideways in a different direction. Running down a fortress of the new God with a grail of abstract reason pouring puddles upon the tongue of Alaric's taste for towering taller than the mortal man. The mansion of the mind was close at hand. Within the will to dream of a kingdom. To create the cosmos with The Eclipse. This was the apparatus of a new religion and an end to tradition.

The closest facility of the Neuro Art Institute in Newport, Rhode Island, wasn't as far a drive for Alaric coming a bit closer from the city. Yet the drive was a disappearance of shadows running away from fountains of fire. Nothing but the rings around the crystal moon of the optic octopus of supernatural neon. Light like lightning, as though electric women were wind charging a soothing array of their sexuality across the motion of Alaric's mind. What it was to drive free from the normal routine of a reality enslaved in the cement of societies circles. Something new, innovative, a product of genius by the hands of neuroscience, was waiting in the next moment of a scene sown together like liquid passing through the center of the sun. An eclipse of the cosmos and a snapshot of insanity, as it appears within the human mind to be an apparition of alternity. A glimpse of exterior existence from the rapid eye movement of the mind's marvel in metaphysics. How technology might make the vision of Atlantis rise from the sea to rule the atmosphere with a new religion of laughing gas. Higher than the loft of lunacy teasing animated glass with a feather of fingers. Laughter lights paradise with inconsequential figures of speech, spoken from a psychic space, as Alaric knew humor on nonsense.

The Rhode Island Institute of Neuro Art was situated by a beach that brought Alaric to remember a

time when innocence was as eternal as the eternity that he sought. Driving down a wooded road with the colossal coliseum of ocean to the right of Alaric's view, as awe inspiring as the sun that dazzled the day upon the Atlantic. To the passenger side was an air as eerie as a tongue speaking in a succession of surf. Something similar to that of sirens crashing to seduce Alaric back to Aphrodite's shell. He could hardly miss the Institute as he drove ahead to see a massive complex situated within a large landscape, which seemed to be tamed lions of art that earth sprung forth from the soil. Whoever tended the grounds did more than cut the grass. Every bush and every tree, every plant and every flower, all as if a schematic of the psyche. Someone loved the land with the scissor hands of Edward and the melancholy of an outcast in the heart of his exile on the island of Rome. It wasn't built in a day, but Alaric could have sworn it appeared in existence like magic from a seed that contained every ingredient to mix the blood of the grail, as Christ might be warped in a wonderland with a suggestion to drink.

Alaric drove through the garden as if driving through a mandala of mystery in the eye of its keeper. An eye like that of a kaleidoscope from the birth of loam. Now rich upon the satellite revolving around the world that once was when Alaric entered the massive stone that wrapped around his vehicle with signs of peculiar script. He heard a voice speak to him from beyond his own grave, "Welcome home." It said. A chill of death and a tongue in a socket charged his body back to life. Alaric wasn't one to hear voices so clearly and the grandfather clock of his dream had struck the hour. Take a peacock from a flock of seagulls and let it fly through the imagination with a whistle like that of the violin having an orgasm while manic, such was Alaric. And life is often stranger than that which we dream it to be.

The complex itself appeared as though an architect was drawing the foundation on a Jeckel and Hyde jigsaw puzzle. All of the pieces fit perfectly, but for some reason Alaric saw a picture of egocentricity swaying on the line between what is and what probably isn't. Not something that struck him to be a complex of this day and age, but a dream more centered on designing abstractions of land. There were three sections. Each of which was like that of a tubular brainteaser where the floors of each tube were sectioned off by designs of loud liquid that floated bubbles in opposite directions of each floor. Upon closer inspection the bubbles were designed with a fetus within them racing around the reality of art and the architecture of the triangle that the tubes created. As if an arrow head from a Native American origin unearthed from a burial ground. With a driveway in the center that led to what seemed to be an underground garage. There were three floors to each tube with no windows, and each had a greenhouse of giant glass dome, as Alaric imagined the foliage was from the soil of the future. Walkways connected the three structures from the third floor with what appeared to be a round Plexiglas to let daylight shine electric currents, as Alaric noticed people walking through with white coats. Somewhat of a juxtaposition to see a private clinic of doctors and nurses inhabit art, but then again, Alaric saw the soul of a salesman. People are never what they appear to be.

Alaric laughed though; it did seem like an ant farm. Yet something so unique like that of alien architecture was very praiseworthy of what Alaric might create from a dream. And besides, Alaric had seen some eccentric structures created by artists and perhaps he was truly here. Perhaps he hadn't lost his mind on the road less fantasized and this was as real as the brain he believed to be the matrix of the creation of his own brain. Imagining something so weird in the thick of reality so true was not something Alaric was prepared to believe he imagined. It was somewhat too far-fetched to even lie about the nature of such a place. Never mind prove it with photography. Yet let it be authentic, weirder worlds were within his dreams and Alaric didn't doubt abnormalities of artistic people. After all, The Eclipse was too questionable to be a matter of fact, but the moon was indeed as odd as

Alaric in its orbit around the earth. Odd enough for Alaric to believe in yellow brick roads from the view of the bus. Driving sideways into the scenery of neuroscience, the building was an object of thought. And if mad by reason of the road it was Alaric's chance to finally get out of here. Rhode Island had always been a road around an island. Perhaps an arrow head of architecture might be alien enough to strike a hole in the sky. To eclipse creation and swallow Alaric's eyes into eternity. Or the variation known by few, as pleasing an alternative—with less of a sacrifice required in life. Alaric was about to learn the distinction of the two as he drove beneath the ground to find a place to park reality and step outside the vehicle of such. Very careful not to lock his keys in the car. A new religion was ready to unfold a forest fire.

Chapter Five:
The Sideways Existence of Science

Science is a peculiar art of factual information deduced from experience of which dreams are also experienced to be brought inside out. Into the world of the material God and manifested as fulfillment of something as strange as a death wish. Alaric was a dreamer and at last his chance to dream. To bring form to matter, or concepts to concrete. To make metaphysical mouse traps bait the models of that which scurry in the basement of the abyss. His journey to the complex was a joyride through the dunes of summer. And its pleasant way of waking with the taste of lobster boiled to bring him to a family reunion at the beach. Granted, the complex was out of a comic book from the future, but the grandfather of history had welcomed him home. Alaric entered the alien eye of the absent with the archetype of ages past to push his progress from privacy to The Eclipse. Leaving his haven was a leap of faith, but he was there at last. Out in the world or what appeared to be an eccentric aspect of architecture and neuroscience on the cutting edge. Only an individual such as Alaric could withstand the strange perception of life on the edge of extinction. All life ever seemed to be—a flowing moment of water ready to fall off the frame of the earth. And to imagine…they once believed it was flat.

Having found a place to park underneath the complex Alaric noticed an entrance under the furthermost part of the odd structure and right of center. The garage was similar to any other, not peculiar in design or a daydream from the future, more like that of a large basement. There were no other cars in the lot that was brightly lit. The sun somehow worked its way into bulbs of brilliance to behold the smooth texture of cement with awe, as though the ceiling was blue with vapors of moisture floating like fairies to sparkle the piercing expression of echoes as a car door shuts. The entry was a large section of mirrored glass windows with an automatic door that reminded Alaric of his doctor's office. The mirror permeated the garage with two worlds opposite of each other and a strong sense of consciousness arose from the suggestion of being blind to the other side. The only unusual aspect from the bottom was that it was beneath the ground, as if implied the roof of the sky was radiant, but a rock that could not be penetrated. No way out of the earth but to walk into Alaric's reflection.

As Alaric made his way to the door with his luggage the sensor slid the mirrored person he appeared to be into an opening of a hall. Suddenly in a flash, his consciousness soared, from that of light waves bouncing back and forth between him and himself, to portals of other worlds in tales from the lost chasm of his psyche. Like that of the self into the outer surface of sensation, somewhere beyond his own brain, Alaric's mind floated his eyes with feathered wings to the end of the opening. A gaze like bullets from the machine gun of a hawk spread sight to see a glass door with a metal frame. The firearm of optics sprayed the glass to reflect a sign for the Neuro Art Institute, Lab, and Training Programs. And as Alaric focused his way down the hall he stopped for a moment to breathe deep before he entered the waiting room. This was certainly a quest with no turning back from his hunger for beyond the threshold of being, and he hesitated thinking how far he had come out of what appeared to be the ordinary, out of the security of his home with his comfort zone complete in his microcosm of magic. Only to learn a magic with the steroid of a mythological science about to renovate whatever he had imagined to be real. Alaric wasn't as certain about himself or interacting with a group while having white coat anxiety. He opened the door and humbled himself in silence. "Just be calm," he always repeated in the quiet of the forest that whispered with the trees in the recesses of thought. Alaric set his mind to dream with his eyes as wide as the ocean. From beneath the deep looking up at the world above, as the ripples multiplied about his perception of places and

people. Like a watercolor painting of the purpose he had to blend every sense into an eternal aroma of alien art.

Inside the underbelly of earth where people waited to be called upon by the voice of the unsolved mystery of neuroscience Alaric approached the desk while noticing a door in the left corner of the room. The receptionist smiled with a hint of seduction in her eyes, as though Alaric's reflection in her world had become a swirl of the self like that of candy for her soul. Hazel heavens and enough to forget why he was here. She was blond with a pony tail. One of her bad hair days no doubt. Around the same age sitting with an extra pound or two. And her lips were moist with the hunger of Alaric's voice ready to engage her in conversation. He spoke without fear, having realized he preferred it if the moon killed the crops of mankind and malformed him beyond the mind of God, that he might possess the power to see beyond the mirror to the realm within a woman's psyche. "Hi, my name is Alaric Fischer. I was made aware of your course in dream imaging. I would be interested in beta testing the product if it is still in an experimental stage."

"Yes Mr. Fischer, we sent you an invitation. We were hoping it might make its way into your desire to evolve upon human understanding. An individual with your ability is what the doctor had hoped to find. You have been chosen out of all of our clients to work with The Eclipse. The doctor is looking forward to meeting you. Please, take a seat while I contact someone to evaluate you to see if you have come prepared." The receptionist spoke softly while returning to her paperwork and pretending to be busy.

Odd to Alaric…she didn't ask for any information. He was curious if they knew they made a psychic impact or not, he had the vision, which was his reason for arriving without a care but The Eclipse. "Thank you for inviting me the way you have. It certainly impacted me," he said as he took a seat and waited patiently.

The waiting room was just like the boring construction from the brain of his doctor's office. In fact, it was almost an exact replica. How they mimicked his need for yearly check ups and juxtaposed it with his desire to taste eternity from the blood of a lamb upon an altar of art was somewhat out of the ordinary. But above ground was even more bizarre as much as he admired the architecture of something so surreal. To Alaric, reality could always be altered had he the power of perception to modify the properties of material concern to coincide with his mind's eye. Alaric never questioned if he woke up one morning and found an abnormality in the natural order of events. Strange things happened all the time. Something missing in his apartment or something reshuffled. That was what Alaric considered the ghost of the Dead Sea to raise a wave and rearrange the chess board with a hand that cheated an aspect of his senses. This was about supremacy having been gained like lightning striking the core of his inner eye. In such a way as to force mirrors to reflect thought. To punish God for creating things as they are. As if a crazy clown let there be light from a few words. Alaric was supernatural in the underground level that rose to what he was aware of. Like that of a geyser streaming the blood of his soul unto every manifestation.

Suddenly, in a gust of a desert storm, rich with gold, the door in the corner of the room opened. Another vision from the future. A face with the architecture of pillows upon stone. Her long curls of rich brown hair with body upon the waterfall of her shoulders, and beauty like that of fruitful eyes open to the dawn of day. Ample lips of a natural magic spoke. "Mr. Fischer, we are ready for you. Follow me please and we will begin your evaluation."

Alaric couldn't help but fixate on her figure with her long white coat as he followed her to a room at the end of a short corridor filled with vague voices slithering their way from the vents. As she opened the door she said, "It really is a pleasure to meet you. The doctor has been interested in you

ever since he saw your artwork online. You truly are gifted."

Alaric smiled not knowing quite what to say, but the words found their way to his lips as his tongue surprised him with something intelligent. "The pleasure is mine. I'm rather proud of my art and what I did with my vision online. But to me it is more than an outlet or a way to make a living. I believe you can reorder aspects of the psyche through symbolism to create reality, or merge the waking world with a dream."

An inviting smile came upon her face as she peered into the darkest depths of the night when Alaric woke in cold sweats. "We know all about your philosophy on art Mr. Fischer. That is why we are curious to get inside that head of yours. By the way, I'm Nurse Anderson. I will do your evaluation and then I will show you around the facility. If after you've shown true interest in dream imaging please don't hesitate to call upon me if you have any needs. Please, step into the intake room and let us begin."

They both sat down in a small room with a fan situated in the wall. Alaric could have sworn he heard witches at a black mass coming through the other end with a spell of torment to taunt his naked ears. Of course Alaric was curious about something and kept his concentration. "I really loved the architecture above ground. It was very futuristic and surreal. It reminded me of something that I might have seen in one of my dreams. Who designed that and why?"

"You designed that Mr. Fischer," Nurse Anderson said in all seriousness.

"I'm not sure what you mean," Alaric replied. He didn't enjoy being brought to confusion.

"Everyone that comes to the complex has a different interpretation of what it looks like. No two people see the same structure. Think of chess. Opposing players never see the same chess board. Someone is always blind to someone else's move. The chess board is real to the one who hovers like the hawk," Nurse Anderson said.

"Oh…okay. Are you trying to tell me that the complex is not real?" Alaric asked

"No, not at all. It is entirely subjective. It is what you perceived to be real," Nurse Anderson said.

"So you are trying to tell me that reality is subjective?" Alaric asked.

"I am not telling you reality is subjective. I am proving it. That is what The Eclipse is all about. In Time you will begin to see how your perception of reality is true to your dreams. And in time you will learn to bend reality at will, as you have been presently doing so on an unconscious level," Nurse Anderson explained.

"I have noticed oddities in my sense of perception. You mean to tell me I can control the world around me at will? That I can create an entirely different reality from the one I have always known? That I can tell God what to do?" Alaric asked.

"Alaric, may I ask what you are? What is the true measure of your being?" Nurse Anderson spoke while Alaric puzzled for a moment into the kingdom of her scenic blue windows.

"Hmm…That is difficult to answer. Language limits human understanding. It cannot express more. It can only suggest it. I would say that I imagine myself to be beyond the limit of logic. To reach into the irrational…the abstract of existence where a man is measured by the amount of a dream," Alaric said, as he sought to capture the queen.

"The evaluation is complete. I have no more questions…let me show you around. I'm certain the doctor will love you," Nurse Anderson said, as she led him to the door on the other side of the room.

The black mass had cast its spell upon the chess board of echoes through the raw tissue of Alaric's mind. A shift in the continuum. Water flowing the river of sound with a rounding rationale. To continue like a bird of gills, free of fate, to find reality in the reflection of an underwater window.

As Nurse Anderson proceeded to show Alaric around the unit there was a large sitting room that

rounded the outside of the underground structure with private rooms. Along with small cafeteria and a smoking room as well. His room was complete with internet access and all the luxuries of home, as if staying at a hotel with a nurse to provide him with enchanting thoughts of fruit from Eden. If only The Eclipse could make that dream manifest itself in the merger of his hidden fantasies with the laws of nature. He couldn't help but follow her figure that appeared a silhouette behind a curtain of mystical science that wrapped a white coat of paint upon her flawless body. Just knowing he had the pleasure to conceive of the conceptual kingdom within the synergy of their exchange was enough to feel as if he was under hypnosis. Overall Alaric was impressed at the length they went to accommodate him while he was a research subject. If Nurse Anderson was any indication of what to expect Alaric didn't want to leave. There was simply something about a woman that weakened his will as she lit a light about her aura that was neon with the wet lips of Monroe.

After getting settled in his room the sterile aroma of a hospital muted Alaric's imagination. Good thing they had plenty of coffee to calibrate his sense of self with a rapid series of connections from his unconscious. Alaric took some time to get familiar with the computer. Windows was the standard operating system, and unlike a normal window these were ones in which he could swim through as though the glass was water. The workstation was available to him for personal research and communication, as well as having a program that interfaced with The Eclipse, allowing Alaric to analysis whatever images where incarcerated from the freedom of a dream and create a personal journal of his own meditations during the day. This was encouraged of him after he would meet with the doctor every morning to be exposed to the reality of neurological art.

When Nurse Anderson came to introduce Alaric to the night Nurse he was pleasantly surprised by the way she spoke his name, as though "Alaric" was a roll of the tongue that tasted something sweet. She took him to a room across the sitting area that was adjacent to The Eclipse with a large window for watching over the moon that generated the night at day. Nurse Quinn was there to watch his sleeping patterns and perform the retina scan with the infrared camera of the unit. Similar in design to an MRI machine with a face mask, this was no simple device. Alaric was going to have to be still during sleep and there was a cushioned body cast that slid him into the massive piece of equipment. Nurse Anderson explained that Nurse Quinn was there to watch for disturbances in sleep patterns and also to monitor his comfort level, making sure Alaric adjusted well to the secure mattress with little to no interruption in his normal sleep as he would in a regular bed. Alaric didn't need to know the dynamics of the device, or anything about the mainframe that operated it. Just that this was something that looked to be an advanced piece of technology.

After a blink of Alaric's protruding eyes the scene of reality reset itself and Nurse Quinn spoke. "Hello Mr. Fischer. I see you paved your way into our little piece of paradise. Congratulations, soon you will be a complete person as the first to enter the theory of our design. We have been developing this for quite some time and looking for the right individual with no hesitation to invert reality. My job here is to monitor you as you use the device and to photograph specific dream imagery that will embody what it is that you are in essence. Dr. Zane will discuss our project with you in greater detail."

So far so good, the nurses seemed nice. But Alaric was worried about the doctor. *Dr. Zane?* he thought. It seemed like it was comic book in-Zane, as Alaric smiled trying to take this seriously. "It is very nice to meet you Nurse Quinn. This dream imaging looks much more advanced than I had imagined. Do you need to know my medical history? Or is there anything I should be made aware of about the device?"

"The device is completely harmless to the human body. Put your mind at ease and dream of floating

on a cloud. It's that easy," Nurse Quinn said. She was rather reassuring and Alaric cast his demons aside as her smile was revealing of an older, more nurturing woman. She reminded him of one his aunts as they always seemed to welcome him with a kiss on the cheek. Short red hair and eyes of a gentle green from leaves of a rounded garden, Nurse Quinn wore a greeting of glasses into her home.

From within the operations room led the door to Dr. Zane's office. Nurse Anderson led the way with the sweet stride of a nightingale singing Alaric's arrival as she called for Dr. Zane on the intercom outside the door. Alaric heard his voice, British and artfully articulate, as he welcomed Alaric immediately. "Right this way," said Nurse Anderson. "Dr. Zane has been waiting for you for quite some time."

Alaric entered what seemed to be a large conference room, as he closed the door and sealed the surface forever. Dr. Zane was standing there before a large monitor on the wall. Arms folded behind his back with a tall stature and short blond hair spiked with electric currents traveling through his veins. White coat anxiety overwhelmed Alaric for a moment as he gathered the pieces of the room to create the puzzle of a cubist painting. For a second his mind pondered the possibility, reality was Picasso with a mirror broken into pieces of perception that entertained the eyes with an optical illusion. The monitor seemed larger than the room with a new dimension into a glorious green landscape beside a body of water. Almost an entry unto a world within the heart of perfection between the boundary of the cement structure of science and the eerie vapor of the supernatural. Something as clear as the tranquility of the cobalt crystal that made the mind soar into the surreal presence of the hovering sky. Dr. Zane's silhouette upon the screen simulated a moon with an aura of invisible energy projecting the realm from his imagination as if he had total control over the power of perception. For a brief moment Alaric swore that the coat that drenched his body with a shadow upon the sun was wild with the color of a country ready to invade the earth.

Suddenly, Dr. Zane wasn't there, and from the furthest corner to the right of the large conference table Alaric heard a foreign voice like that of fire beneath a wave as it washed over him with music from Mars. "Ah Alaric…I finally meet the man of metaphors. They can be like hits of nitrous oxide, can't they? Now you know my interest in you. You are above and beyond this life where dreams are the words you use to weave the definition of reality. It is my honor to meet you at last."

"Above and beyond this life?" Alaric asked. He was silently stunned by Dr. Zane's presence, as mythical as he appeared to be a mountain that Alaric watched calm into a crater when he saw him as he reappeared real, like that of a mortal man.

"Every man with a mind seeks the grail, Alaric. No one quite knows where to look or what he is truly looking for. You seek the grail in the hidden room of alternity, the sanctuary from God. Are you not after a higher plane of existence then that of your human form? You sense your mortality around every corner. I know this to be true. You are always one step ahead of you waiting to haunt yourself. What would you give if I offered you the opportunity to stop sensing, to cross the threshold of mortality into an ulterior being of energy found in the underground of existence where man has not the will as you to seek its solace?" Dr. Zane echoed across the room. With a stare like that of candles swaying with the mood of darkness that surrounded Alaric's soul.

"Well…I do sense my mortality with every step I take. As if every move is the next step over the edge of the earth. It can be terrifying at times not to know. The rim of every moment is a contradiction actually. To be certain of the uncertainty. If only I could make the earth endless and orbit around the world with the road of eternal life. Something greater than the occasion of myself in existence," Alaric replied. His eyes wide upon the words spilling from the tongue of his temple.

Dr. Zane laughed with the wisdom of another life not known to earth. "Eternal life? Alaric, do you

want to claw your way through concrete? The road to eternal life is the road of the martyr, as trying and tormenting as the crucifixion. It is to penetrate the sun with the ash of your soul. To defend yourself with the truth of that which wills itself to die is to die slaughtered and ravaged by the most violent animals of man. You can go through hell to earn the respect of a greater life. But the only thing you will earn is an education in hell. Eternal life is a myth for a man made of paper on the text of a book that should have been burned. It's been over two thousand years since the days of virgin births. Look around…today we are cloning life. Time to imagine mankind as the master of the atom—splitting it with the wrath of being a God unto ourselves. Have you ever heard of alternity? It is a term coined by John C. Lilly, the inventor of the sensory deprivation tank, to express an altered state of being on the drug ketamine. In actuality it is an alternative to death. Like that of a fold in a time it is a road sideways of existence. I believe that technology can take the place of a substance such as ketamine, and perhaps expand even more upon the experience to the degree of a dream. There is no sacrifice required, but the will to peer into the crystal eye. That is why I designed The Eclipse. I bring you an escape from suffering. The anesthetic of a new dimension. It is the future, Alaric. Death appears to be something in front of you. But it is actually something that catches up with you from behind. Why should mankind live the way we do to see the light at the end of a tunnel? A tunnel filled with our own feces, as it leaves behind the atrocious history of human existence to overcome us in the light of a cosmic tragedy of who we are. There is another light, within the moment we dream, not unlike a reality alien to being. Consider this…why else have you come here but to dream reality inside out?"

"I do imagine you are right. I place more faith in my dreams," Alaric replied. Dr. Zane seemed as sane as the most irrational moments Alaric tried to reason from within. Moments where he was real upon the seal of the stars.

"Good, then we will begin the training with The Eclipse soon. Each morning we will go over the dream imagery until we have reached a point in depth where you are the first among your kind to guide the way of an alternative. An escape from death. You should go get some rest for now. I'm sure it has been a long day with quite a bit to contemplate," Dr. Zane said, as Alaric was already altering reality beyond his control. Not fully aware of the power that possessed him like a hose spraying perception from the origin of the imagination—oceans of space around the matter of the cosmos.

Chapter Six:
The Cube of Creation

Finally, eternal life with a taste of defying death. Dr. Zane promised something too unreal to be true, but Alaric already knew in his heart how reality was a farce upon the face of his dreams. Dreams bore no consequence, unlike the pain of penetrating the thick tidal wave of tomorrow with the tongue of Christ—forgiving mankind for breaking his back. Alaric didn't care to exonerate the existence of humanity, nor did he care to love God for asking him to lay down his life in such a way that he should move painfully about the blood that he spilled in the humiliation of becoming a broken man. The world wasn't worth the weight of a martyr, and if eternal life was spooning his way through concrete with the fingernails of forgiveness than to hell with the animal of civilization. Within was a sanctuary from the madness of God's eye. That was an eye designed to plan Alaric to follow the path of falling upon his knees for the sake of mounting his mind with scattered nails of light upon a wall, like that of an animal's hide. Within was wonder with that of psychic candy, somewhere beneath the knotted concern of all that creation tortured the soul with to become life as we know it. They know what they do, and Alaric had the chance to alter reality. To round the earth into a spiral staircase of ocean and land, and lead mankind to follow to the depths of Atlantis at last. Hibernating in the winter of the ocean like the archetype of an alien craft ready to house the metaphysics of the collective. The eye of the absent—alternative to the eye of God, the concept of a manmade myth to control the world with hate speech.

After meeting with Dr. Zane Alaric took some time to get acquainted with the unit before floating on the cloud of The Eclipse. Rather empty and quiet like a wind that was whispering backwards voices and subliminal séances to conjure the atmosphere of the many rooms filled with people from the past. Alaric knew he was selected by psychic phenomena to meet with the doctor and fulfill a prophecy that permeated throughout his imagination from the moment he had been designed with the architecture of life. Nothing was more certain to him than the reason he reached into the irrational to arrive at the abstraction of reality. A reality that had now become the curtain blinding the background from which he was about to reveal his first dream. Like that of an opera of the ocean or the play of robotic life in an octopus of existence as though the mind is mechanical magic. Alaric sure needed a cigarette after so much attention paid to the possibility of alternity and the path of which that would require peering into the moon as it rounded the earth to align a snapshot—an alien piece of history from the future.

Smoking was a diversion from the natural movement of the moment or the continuum of conscious thought, as each character was associated with seamless energy simulating schematics. Around the world in lightning with the language of Dylan and Alaric needed to rest his eyes under the empty shelter of his eyelids. Deep breaths like that of a lake swallowing a mass of gold to guide the way within and follow after it with the hope of drowning with gills. If he quit he might free associate with the oxygen so long the ocean would surface into the stars. And the fossil of his calm he knew as his breath would now come crashing back to earth like animated boulders of rain. Alaric needed an intake deep enough to manage the unbearable thought of years disappearing into that of hands upon the clock that tormented him with the dying face of the mirror. The irony of the breath he needed to get by was quickening the clock with the tickles of knives teasing him to breathe deeper. So he sat and smoked while his eyes filled with the nicotine of needing new lungs.

The smoking room was small with a vent to clear the air of his conscience. To enter the art of

alternity. A frontier of the future not yet realized by the mind of man, in the sense of science reshaping reality and modifying the path that led to death. The glass walls let Alaric wander into the unit with the phantom of an astral Argonaut to find the fleece of moss upon the spirits of those that came before him to leave their tale of murmurs. He swore he heard voices under the influence of the ventilation throughout the complex, like the pale face of the many strange people he passed on the street to wonder what world trapped their thought within the savage evolution of the tongue. Not like that of the eyes. Not like that of pure thought. Or a dream between the boundary of two beings, connecting them with the exchange of energy like that of love—A shared state of mind. Alaric could gaze with his eyes into the shape of sound and let it flower like a banshee before him, and as he surveyed the echoes of silence Nurse Anderson appeared from the fog of the forest that once adorned the earth.

"Hi Alaric, do you mind if I interrupt you for a moment?" Nurse Anderson said, as she opened the door to the smoking room to reveal a fragrance of flowers that illuminated into a bouquet of mandalas within Alaric's mind.

"No, not at all," Alaric said. The spirits manifested themselves and he was with a voice as clear as Mozart whispering waves of water upon the sand.

"Can we talk in your room for a while? I want to see how you are feeling and how things went with Dr. Zane. You can speak candidly with me. I am here to calm any concerns you might have about the process," Nurse Anderson said.

Alaric took a deep breath of angels as he exhaled rhythms of warmth into the air. "Sure…I would love to talk for a while. I do feel a strong sense of spirit in the silence. I could use some interaction."

Nurse Anderson smiled with the scent of flowers from the orangery. "That's why we like you Alaric, your sense of spirit. Science needs a ghost. I'll be waiting in your room when you are finished with your cigarette."

Alaric took a few more deep breaths of mermaids swimming smoke back into the air of her perfume. He wondered if her beauty was as breathtaking as he imagined it to be. Then he remembered how he imagined quite a few gifts of grandeur. All of which turned to the dust of another day that left him alone with the stain of a memory he washed with a bleached detergent of another world. Relationships were a bed of roses upon the soil of his grave. His tombstone with the words of the worms voicing the last supper. Artists are meant to live solitary lives. Life wasn't about putting faith in a woman as attractive as the thought of the divorce rate was in the day and age of modern love. Besides, it was a waste of effort to give so much for so little an illusion when he woke up the next morning with a letter of rejection. As if Alaric had written a brain teasing book, full of promise and potential, but too bizarre to see it published. At least he could wander into her eyes and share the language of the enchanting chess board. Just for the sake of pretending love lasted like a fairy tale, immortal in the written word and forever etched upon the psyche of society. If not for the time being while he had the target of something larger than the universe of an irrational reality within his grasp. Alternity was in the crosshairs of his conscience like a missile guided to disfigure mankind. The scent of a flower for a moment, but the death of his own essence, as dead as his eyes were becoming, was something he could defy.

As Alaric entered his room Nurse Anderson was sitting by the bed at the computer looking as though she could subdue the rage of Satan with a bat of the eyes. "Why don't you sit on the bed for a bit, Alaric? We can discuss how you feel about Dr. Zane's interest in you and whether alternity is within your wish to perceive using The Eclipse. The state that you are capable of attaining is beyond remarkable. Think of *The Son of Man* and what dream it led to that brought you here. You make leaps within where mankind thinks computers are progress. What if we marry inner space with mankind?"

Alaric sat down and sat back, hands folded on his solar plexus, with the pleasure of his pawn ready to make his first move into the abundant blue organ of her optic nerves. “Well, I must admit, alternity is a fascinating prospect for the future of mankind. For some reason it doesn’t shock me that you know the seed *The Son of Man* would bloom to become. But without enough knowledge of the state I will achieve in alternity it is kind of like setting my sights on Mars without ever having launched satellites to inspect its atmosphere. Please don’t get me wrong…I can never truly know what I will wake up to each morning. History can be a figment of the imagination. I sometimes wonder if it is nothing more than my faith in the order of the universe that maintains its order. To arrive senseless to myself in an altered reality of existence? Alternity seems so permanent, even if it’s painless.”

Nurse Anderson placed her arm upon the desk as she held up her head and sighed, “Isn’t that what you are after Alaric? Something more substantial than the constant flux of change? Change brings pain. Pain is reality. With the help of our technology you have a power like that of no one on earth. To change reality. Doesn’t a state of certainty appeal to you? You have a death wish, but you don’t want to die. We offer you the alternative.”

“Well…I do imagine a Novocain between the boundary of life and death might be the dream of a trouble-free wheel of freedom. Something spinning the aura of my mind with the bliss of thought too silent to hear. I hate how time progresses me to race around the seasons in so many different directions, as though I am a matrix of decisions in an unbearable amount of moments.” Alaric could hardly believe he had such a way with words. Especially in the company of eyes so bright with the flavor of the sky from the fruit of Venus.

“You know longer have to decide, Alaric. Let go of the game of chess, if not for the freedom to surrender thought like a habit that haunts you.” Nurse Anderson kindly spoke.

“You mean I can lay down all thought?” Alaric asked. Almost with a relief of life beneath her beauty and the scent of the orangery.

“Say yes to me, Alaric. Being can be an illusion to live in alternity. You’ll be the first of your kind.” Nurse Anderson spoke softly, as if the words were butterflies whispering their wings in Alaric’s ear.

“I really can’t imagine that I have the will to say no to someone like you,” Alaric said, taking one last look into her eyes before he bowed his head.

“Good, your first dream is now a seed in motion. Tonight you will see The Eclipse.” Nurse Anderson won without much of a fight but the aura of the orangery haunting Alaric to reach the remote island of art on the opposite end of the mirror. The chess board was a piece of chocolate that melted in the mouth of Alaric’s mind. Masters of manipulating the heart—the tomb was sealed without him even knowing while he was ready to float on the eerie cloud of the unconscious.

There were a few hours before night fell with the thick tar of tasting shadows. As if darkness had a flavor of revenge, cold and stabbing at the heart of an animal in a hunt to drown the sun in blood. Alaric was beneath the ground and light was an array of electric centers of the solar system. But the hours brought him the pain of his internal clock as he searched the internet on the computer in his room. He was wasting time, but began to explore Jungian theories of dream analysis, as he happened upon the shadow of the self. The darkest side of mankind. All that people repress or hide from the world. As Christ appeared on paper like that of a language of thought or a mind opposed to a physical being, the sun never cast his shadow. But the rest of humanity lived in a world with something stalking them as they walked the road towards integrating the whole of reality. Incorporating the shadow into consciousness was claimed to be the next evolutionary step of the human being. Alaric let light throw

a dark character upon the wall as he would puppeteer himself in the same way an author might recreate Christ with the shadowy ink of expressions upon the paper of his puppet. A lazy Jesus his Grandfather claimed. Perhaps Jesus needed a shadow. Writing fiction or scripture of alien eyes the seer is certain of the world around the bend. Just as the events of the wheel in a whirlpool of thought lead to a drama in a dream of day residue.

The hours past into the solemn state of midnight when Nurse Quinn came to Alaric, "Alaric dear, are you ready for your first lesson in ultimate reality?"

With a smile Alaric swore she was one of his aunts ready to kiss him on the cheek and tell him how handsome he was. "Yes, I'm ready. You said it is a painless procedure, right?"

"Cast your worries aside. Dreams don't harm people in the same way people harm themselves," she said.

Alaric laughed, "What if I harm myself with my dream?"

"No need to fear Alaric, we will help you analyze your art into a state of alternity," Nurse Quinn said, as she led Alaric to gaze like nails into his own cross of The Eclipse.

As he entered the room Nurse Quinn equipped Alaric with the black face mask of the cameras eyes into his retina, which was wired to the large sleeping chamber of The Eclipse. Not unlike a sensory deprivation tank, but with electric circuitry circulating like water. Alaric rested on the body cushion as the gears of the mechanical animal slowly slid him into the electric intestines of its carcass. He felt a fog of gas like that of green aromas swimming within his mind with the scent of something peculiar penetrating his conscious self. As though an intoxication of violent vapors spun him around a garden of flowers on fire. His face mask breathed deep through an elephant man's nostril without the cushion of thought keeping him conscious of the cameras awaiting his malformed mind of eyes. Alaric succumbed like that of an infant to a lullaby where the landscape of reality was removed from life for the night of the living dream. Dead at first, in the void of not knowing, where nothing never exists. Only to be interrupted from the depths of oblivion by the drama of a moving image appearing in existence like that of magicians molding the universe.

It was from the fog of freedom that Alaric sensed the kinetic energy of the cube. A core of creation making the magic of millions—tentacles growing like tunnels of an underground network situated from the birthplace of time, as it moved without motion in the absence of the hands that pointed to alternity. The mutated octopus of the mechanical mystery like that which amazes the deep sea diver with the maze of an underwater lair. Alaric swam from a distance to watch the whole of creation create its organism of orgasms as if the foundation of the future was a breeding ground of splitting atoms. Like witnessing the worms voice the words of the last supper upon the tombstone of mankind, or perhaps the words that suggested an alternative to the stone—a paradox of that which is read. Reality was swarming with garden hose snakes swallowing water backwards into the oblivion of Atlantis. The isle of the submarine society positioned in the outer edge of existence like a cube of man, once the birthplace of civilization to be banished into the private vibrations of an unconscious myth.

As dreams do the magic melted back into the unknown area of mankind's mind and Alaric slept in a silent state that washed away the sound of the following morning. When he awoke Nurse Quinn was delighted to see him come to the waking conscience of that which the ego holds to be true. Quickly she unfit him from the mechanical animal of The Eclipse and removed his mask with great news. The cameras eye into his retinas captured a stunning work of Neuro Art and Alaric had his first artifact from the future to fold time into a doorway sideways of existence. The Eclipse was a stunning success as Nurse Quinn spoke with excited eyes like that of burning bushes. "Alaric, you did excellent! Wait

until you see what we have gathered from your first step towards alternity. Doctor Zane is very anxious to speak with you about the record of reality you possess in blinding the earth of its eye." She sure sounded poetic about the procedure, or so that was what Alaric thought, rubbing his eyes as he gained his senses.

Chapter Seven:
Attracted to the Story in a Woman's Eyes

Dreams have never been captured to their exact likeness in conventional reality by means of any medium known to science. An individual experiences the sensation of the night at times while being in a state of time related to that of clocks with the face of circles in wind swept sand. But more often than not the saga of the mind's art is the reality of what one remembers when they come back to time and the free association of abstractions from the day. Often times confused with what is authentic in the waking world and what has happened in the clairvoyant eye of the psyche. Snapshot the essence of a character on film and memorize a moment of their soul. To do the same with a dream is as dangerous as taking pictures of speeding bullets of the blue sky soaring straight between the eyes. Such can cause a heart attack from the speed of imagination much faster than light. The essence of within like that of the most intimate aspect of the human mind is kept within for reasons of distinguishing the metaphysical from the physical. Photograph the real meaning of the mind's eye as if imagination held the properties of the material plane and a subject such as Alaric might mistake a work of art for a memory as true as the photo on his driver's license. The Eclipse succeeded to enter the sanctuary away from the violent eye of the sun. Something hidden from the future, within the unconscious of Alaric, was made a memory. An immortal image to be integrated into the entire structure of truth and the framework of nature made unnatural. Visions of slithering angels above and beyond the eye of God.

Alaric was anxious to speak with Dr. Zane. To see what world they made of the vague memory he had of the odd experience in sleep while dosed with the gas of something that took him under quite dramatically. Completely harmless or so she said, Nurse Quinn was quite excited about the success of The Eclipse and eager to show Alaric the significance of what he did with the dragon's howl of heaven's lightning screaming the silent dream. But first Alaric needed to gather himself for the senses of the five ways to touch the reality of day. He was still an illusion, a matter of thought unreal to himself like that of a balloon filled with the air of archetypes to be burst unto the birth of recreation. Injecting his lungs and his veins with an aroma of refreshment. Something that filled the atmosphere of his essence with stimulants for his brain. It was the only way to get that thinking thing of the alphabet to organize the many letters around its central character of the first person.

Alaric was carrying the passengers of his entire past taunting him with reasons to keep himself accelerated while taking some time to steam his engine unto the track of another day's thought. He showered with the punishing pulses of warm water upon the rigid muscles of his tired back. Washing the stain of glue from the scent of the machine and gazing at the drain that swallowed the film of his flesh. He ate breakfast, a small portion of scrambled eggs and toast with a touch of Tabasco sauce to tingle his tongue with a pleasant torment. Then the moment came when his eyes were bright like that of the buzz vibrating from a hive of bees. He walked with a stride of reason to unfold the flower of reality, as he made his way to Dr. Zane's office who had been awaiting his arrival to the full awareness of the new day. Greeting Nurse Quinn before buzzing the door, Alaric said, "Good morning. My days don't truly start until my heart pumps the blood of Tabasco sauce setting forest fires behind the wide eyed wonder of this world." Then he laughed, as if mad with the care of splitting atoms.

Nurse Quinn simply said, "I'm glad you're in a good mood this morning. The doctor loves to see something churning in someone's eyes." She buzzed the door for Dr. Zane. "Alaric is ready to see you

now, I guess."

As Alaric entered the office an illusion of worms burst forth from the soil of the large screen. Thrusting themselves into the third dimension with a wave of overwhelming Alaric's senses. The monitor held an image that brought him a sense of déjà vu, as though he was in front of a fold in time. The dream imaging was as colossal as a caterpillar on the steroids of its sudden metamorphosis. The symbol from his dream was that of wires and hoses stemming from a core like that of a cube. Alaric gained total recall of the night before while under the gas of The Eclipse and remembered the dream with lucidity. It was as though the dam burst a drama of water into the ego of Alaric and expanded his conscious mind like that of a rubber band around the tree stump of the cosmos.

Dr. Zane was standing to the side and excited to perform a bit of psychoanalysis on the subject of the mechanical octopus that had been manufactured by Alaric's mind. "Ah Alaric! Behold the fabric of what we uncovered, the cloth of your unconscious. You managed to enter the underground beneath the illusion of this life. What I see here within this image are three wormholes to enter the core, which I believe to be the concentration of psychic energy into the gallery of the new grail…the gift of alternity."

Alaric stood back for a moment while rubbing his eyes and letting his voice carry like a puppeteer making the dream speak more loudly than himself. "I clearly remember dreaming that last night, but seeing it frozen in an image is like being reminded of a vacation I once took to a place I've never been to. It certainly has something innovative to say about the nature of what can be known. And it reminds me of something that I might paint, but even more profound. As if the hands in my head orchestrated a pure production not filtered by the faucet of inhibition. It's funny…thought never seems to be projected the way I imagine it, but this is real, an object of mind."

Dr. Zane paced across the room with his hands folded behind his back. Head down and deep in the thick of a wooded thought. "I expected no less from you Alaric. Now about the meaning…I believe the three wormholes are vacuums in time. Each of them leading to three more dreams. To resolve this puzzle we will conduct three more experiments with The Eclipse. When we have gathered the three dream images of your travels into the core of your character we will seek a fourth image to weave them into a whole. I believe the resolve of reality, as you know it to be, will be a gateway from that of a trinity. A fourth dimension if you will…an invisible wormhole into the whole of creation, or the imperceptible existence of alternity."

"Sounds like a plan," Alaric said as he smiled.

"Alaric, you really should feel unique about your identity. You are a pioneer in neuroscience and a fortune-hunter of the fantastic. They don't create people like you. Not even on paper." Dr. Zane pointed to the work of art as he spoke, as though Alaric was image only.

"Well, I imagine things larger than the beauty of being, but I'm just Alaric. I'm not as large as I imagine myself to be," Alaric said.

Dr. Zane showed Alaric to the door with the electric eel of his arm upon the salt water ripple of Alaric's back. "Leave that up to me to decide. For now, go relax…I'm sure you must be as dizzy as HAL singing about a daisy."

Alaric strolled through the unit while wondering how they did that. To bring something so surreal to a lucid perception on the stone slab of a digital screen was a marvel of the mind's eye made into physical form. But something else was on his mind as well. He always sensed the ghosts of people come and gone and saw the echo of the light reflect from them as a cigarette might make trails on LSD. But they were only there as figments of the past. People always seemed to be missing from his mind, as if he only knew someone for a moment before becoming a stranger on an island of mankind.

There were only three people working with him. And there never seemed to be a population that he thought was as real as their ghosts. Alaric couldn't help but wonder if he was spirit within the halfway house of here and there. As though he was in a time zone of his own with a few characters come to life on the isle of his illusion. For all he knew there was a unit full of faces, but the eerie atmosphere of patterned light streaming the sound of ringing in his ears made people hurried streaks across the question of whether or not they were with him. A shadow here…a footstep there…it was all he knew of them.

Alaric retired to his room for the rest of the day to fidget with the future of mankind's mind made a machine. The computer was wired to a network within the Neuro Art Institute and Alaric had access to the image from his dream. Pondering the problem of the maze and wondering what the tunnels through the theory of the space time continuum might lead to—a question crossing the sky was written from the pilot of his plane. Cyberspace seemed similar in nature to the concept of alternity. To take the essence of mankind, like that of the collective unconscious, and build a vast network of connections to be observed by a magnified glass of the ego on a computer screen. It was the same as making an invisible space not known to exist in the reality of nature. Alternity was defying death. A space not known to exist within the range of God's eye. To take the intelligence of man, or the essence of Alaric, and capture him in artificial form as the sum of cyberspace was not unlike finding the new grail or the frame of the future where alternity contradicted the possibility of any state, either dead or alive. An artificial intelligence with an imagination was within the scope of mankind and people were certainly close to transferring their soul into cyberspace. It was the same as allowing a state such as alternity to exist outside of nature or the world as it appears to be within the circle of being. Meditating on the image from his dream made Alaric question if he was becoming bionic. And there was something else that he fathomed within the framework of the future. It was within the scope of reason that mankind was close to creating cyberspace to exist as a reality of mind apart from the machines it was dependent upon. The thought of the next leap seemed certain to remove the boundaries of bricks and the ancient art of building people like pyramids. Eggs without the shell flying like figments of pure imagination.

A few hours passed through the portal of the mind's perception of time before Nurse Anderson came to collect the pieces of Alaric's digital puzzle. To place them like pawns upon the background of a battlefield filled with flowers. It was the fragrance of a woman as majestic as the moon rounding the flat earth of the board to burrow a hole in the eye of the sun. That the day might lead to her suggestion of the night. The room seemed so silent with the vacant hum of the computer and the mechanical echoes ringing through the canyon of Alaric's ears. When Nurse Anderson appeared there was a gentle cloud of moist music in an otherwise empty garden of silicon chips in the shape of apples. How common a fruit to find sitting in the center of the eye. Nurse Anderson brought the orangery to compliment Alaric with the opposite side of the mind's sight and the mirror that Alice might look upon. The machine had a maiden of thought like the beauty of a bird on the canvas of thin air. To share her song with the wonder of the maze—the network of vacuums swallowing time to follow the flight of her freedom from form.

She pulled up a chair beside the swallow of the computer screen that Alaric was looking upon. The warmth of angels tickled his eyes with the wide open optics of Orion's hunger. Cellular suns of color in schematics of the groundwork known as sight created castles of thin air. He thought he might see her so much so that heart might merge with the magic of madness.

She spoke as vibrating speakers of soft hypnotherapy haunted him in a game of chess designed with the figures of mysterious moves. "That is an interesting complex you have developed in the

constellation of your psyche. It reminds me of an electrical system of circuitry that one might plug into with the base of their spine. Like a conduit to connect to different souls singing from the trumpets of the space time continuum. I hear things from it. An orchestra of brass from the symphony of your beginning. What did Dr. Zane have to say about this dream?"

Alaric remembered how wild the eel was upon the sea of his back to reach into his dream with the analysis of alternity—electric like sockets in a wall of water. "Well, Dr. Zane mentioned this was the cloth of my unconscious. He said it was a matrix of sorts with tunnels leading into the heart of alternity. That there was a road of three wormholes leading to the invisible dimension of the core, which seems to be the fourth dimension of the cube. There need to be four more snapshots taken of my internal character to resolve the entire reality of what I perceive to be real. I must complete the limbs to create the body of the bottom by weaving three with the hand of another, I guess you could say. It is interesting that you called it a complex. Do you believe I developed this while being under the influence of your environment, or has this always been building upon itself within me?"

"That is a good question," Nurse Anderson said. "I for one would say that this has developed like a photograph from the beginning of time. Since I have suggested to you that reality is subjective, you yourself are the birth of time. This has reached a peak to the point where you can no longer deny that there is no return. It has penetrated its way into the path of your next course of action. It is like a roadblock on the next number of a clock as the hand strikes the hour of the turn around the corner you created. In conventional reality clocks move forward. Just as dreams do not regress in reverse with the passing of personal growth. They resolve into more advanced dramas of the mind's eye as if every dream you have is a scene in the movie of your imagination. You may not notice time progress during a dream. But you will notice a progression of the dreams you have. May I ask what you imagine you will find in the wormhole of the next Eclipse?"

Alaric gazed at the ceiling as if he could see the sky. "Geeeeze….that is like asking me what is behind door number one in a game show."

"Not necessarily, Alaric," Nurse Anderson said. "Let me ask in another way. What preoccupies the majority of your thought, what is missing from your life that you wish to find? It is usually that which is missing that we eventually uncover. What will complete your path? What will make alternity worth its state of being unknown to the path of natural law?"

Something made sense and Alaric reached for his true feelings. "That is a better way of putting it. There is something that dominates my mind, and I'm not sure if it is a desire alone, or if it is an innate need I was preprogrammed with by some invisible puppeteer pulling the strings of my conscious mind. Perhaps the puppeteer is the framework of my foundation, the setting of my soul, or simply the essence of my character. But there is an aching need for intimacy in my life. Not simply sexual, but something divine. Alternity is an unnatural form of the future. Yet I would not desire it without first knowing what it is behind a woman's eyes. I don't want to round the flat earth of reality until I know the enigma to be a bird set free from an egg. The eyes are the best judge of what a woman wears to attract the heart of my surrender."

"That was beautifully put," Nurse Anderson said. Then she let Alaric turn water into wine, as if he was not of human form, but eyes alone on the pure thought of paper. "Look into my eyes and tell me what you see on the bridge between our beings. Is it form? Can you express it with words, or is language a limit at this point?"

Sight seemed so natural to him. "Language can not express the connection of our eyes. I see design. I see the art of whispers in the wind like emotion in an unpolluted part of the earth. I see geometric formations unfolding like flowers. I see beyond what my words are presently describing."

“You do wear unusual glasses glued to your inner eye. I’m very flattered,” Nurse Anderson said, as blurred as her vision had become. “Yet I have to break the spell. You have enough to dream about tonight so I will let you wonder what it is your words can not see.”

Nurse Anderson gently vanished from the horizon of the room like a drop of rain in reality. Alaric swore his eyes had seen a glimpse of a dream he had yet to behold, but built like a ripple in the still water of reaching the surrounding shorelines of his unconscious. He returned to the computer with a fresh perspective of what he discovered as the form of his truest dream within the four eyed number of alternity—intimacy of the conduit between two beings. The art of the optic nerve, as if separate brains built holes into the hives of each other where the notion of minds merged as one. An apple in the orangery, and along the path of pushing boundaries to juxtapose the taste of different dimensions. Four more dreams, all subjective realities of an orange from the eye of an alien. The next Eclipse was sure to satisfy the hunger of his heart. To heal the wound of his wall where a person was standing opposite of the mirror. To be a world unto themselves, that the glass would not allow him to ever truly enter. Alice and Alaric were about to wonder in a marriage of windows like walls of water touching each other to join opposite worlds of ocean. Yet Alice was Anderson. A mature woman and a master of the land. A land much too mad to dream without the aid of the wisdom that dreams do present a puzzle in reality.

It was going to be a few hours before night set in with the biological clock of closing his eyes. Alaric was a wiz at the computer. Always surfing the net to see what might resolve on the monitor. He thought about contacting a few people via email, but he never left anyone special behind. It seemed he could disappear without leaving a trace other than his cliental searching for a discount on the next number of boring him with business. He spent the rest of the day thinking about the things that churned in the unconscious. Catching up on Jungian theories of synchronicity and how a house might settle with the ghost of its connection between a pause in the secrecy of two souls. Bringing a silent conversation of thought to the forefront of the noise in the attic. Much like the magic of imagination building its bridge into the black holes of two skies in an opposite existence of each other. There was a story in Anderson’s eyes like that of the spontaneous production of a mandala from the unconscious mind of the collective. Art within the womb of the iris—both of them bore reflections of one another in the complex of acquiring the state of alternity. To be born unto the reality of an inside out thought like something too abstruse to express without the aid of the moon before the sun. Coming closer to The Eclipse, Alaric dreamt aloud in the waking world of what he wished majesty might be in the pleasure of pleasing a light. A white radiance of cloth like that of lace draped upon a window to the garden, and the path through her paradise. Alternity at the end of her eyes.

All a day’s drift—what he saw while his eyes were conscious without The Eclipse. Let words speak image like sound makes music and thought might unravel to reveal the reality of a riddle with the answer of another. Time was wearing Alaric’s awareness with the call of Nurse Quinn to sleep in the coffin of the mechanical carcass. To take the matter of the day, the matter of mind, and vomit the alphabet of the first person into the sky of the unconscious where a work of art might be captured in a still frame from the fantasy of fire. He needn’t be told it was time. Alaric was ready to dream. With a tired idea of the eye lingering in the luxury of his lust for love, Alaric took to the tomb of the machine that had a mind of its own. Nurse Quinn was waiting while calibrating the carburetor of Dr. Zane’s creation. Her gentle attention to the detail of the device gave the giant gadget the warm heart of someone that assured Alaric it was not truly as sinister as something that might rewire his brain with the circuitry of electronic worms. Perhaps electric eels in the lost continent of Atlantis; but such was the brain, waiting to be understood as the society so mysterious to the mind.

There wasn't much that need be spoken between them. Nurse Quinn knew Alaric was on a voyage to Venus. She stood hovering over the operating system as if it was some type of telephone switchboard. Her microphone spoke softly with a faint reverb in a ripple of time as seconds were seamless into the window of the adjacent room housing the creation of Dr. Zane. "Hi Alaric, are you ready for another night in the think tank of tasting Nurse Anderson's orange? She is an excellent teacher of the eye's other fruit. Some say the orange is like an egg waiting to be peeled into a painting. I'm sure you've given her quite a bit of thought. After all, she makes a verse more beautiful than the mystery of mankind. She does such wonders for our clientele in coming closer to reaching a higher level of consciousness."

With a big smile like that of a heart ready to wake the next morning to a virgin birth, Alaric was as real as myth. "Yeah, she is quite beautiful. And she always inspires me to leap with my imagination when we have a discussion about why I am here. She is very stimulating. I'm always attracted to someone's eyes. Yet I never noticed how the womb of the iris might lead me to the birth of a bird. Who knows? I might see the mind soar free from the brain when I dream of today."

"That would be an interesting feat for the future of mankind. Mind without the machine," Nurse Quinn replied. Her recognition of Alaric's mood when struck by the story in a woman's eyes made her ache to witness the image of the next day.

"But I'm not here to arouse your imagination. I'm primarily a technician. I only operate The Eclipse. I don't have the skill you possess to make it a launching pad for a platonic form. Let's get you comfy. You're sure to have sweet dreams tonight," she said as Alaric fit himself into the motor of the bionic mind. The gas erupting around him like a cloud of the unconscious through the filter of his breathing apparatus where the retina scans of the camera's eyes replaced his ability to see solid form. And suddenly sleep came with the sound of exhaust from the muffler of the machine. Oxygen slowly replaced the atmosphere of the thinning fog inhaled with the scent of something too surreal to identify in the garden.

There was a momentary lapse of all existence in the void of the vacuum. What a wonderful way to taste the sweet lips of a woman's kiss than with the birth of her tongue twirling themes of light from shadow. How patterns of a prism from the empty canyon of the unconscious echo an image among the mirrors of the mind's eye. Form, in the essence of an unfolding flower from the soil of life under the earth. Life forgetting itself only to be reminded with the new season of another dream. No different than an author placing words from the stream of his consciousness unto the theater of the invisible space before each letter. No different than magic, color appearing on canvas, such are the crops of existing things. Such are dreams, inside and out, as Alaric found the eyes of freedom in her form. Beauty, like that of the iris talking in tongues, out stretched the wormhole with a world of joy so wicked it need be contained in creation or freak out beyond the boundary of being in an excess of meaning. Beauty is from form, in the way a woman gazed at Alaric and the sound of her voice. Such made surrounding senses of unfolding flowers hail from that of heaven. To connect with eyes in a dream was to communicate with splendor, as if brilliance knew a language clearer than that of crystal. As if the ocean was an entity higher than that of human form with intelligence so advanced water was the maestro of mind itself. Mind gazing with the gift of words without walls, as her right to be heard was a lashing wind of sound like the lust of leather from the trumpet of a scorpion. Alaric was blinded by the ventricle of the first vacuum as it told the story of something so sublime the gift was a goddess to touch the gentle cloth, to taste joy as if it was a poisonous orange. No woman could compare with the feminine side of the psyche itself, as something that made a real woman common to her gender. And now Alaric could never settle for less than the intimacy of his imagination. A

snapshot and he was gone. Like a boxer, brain dead and on the mat.

Chapter Eight:
Breaking Boundaries upon the Eyes of Liberty

When Alaric awoke Nurse Quinn was captivated with the way he imagined what reality might be, extroverted out of the iris of a woman he desired. The first vacuum of the soul system, or the space time continuum of the core he created as a cube, was complete. Now it was time to recall the divine. To make matter out of mind upon the reflection of something substantial. Celestial bodies of beauty are quite often captured on canvas or print. But without a filter of some sort it has never been the case that the wand works magic like pure thought taking the place of paint. Nor the brush of that which works through the faucet of the fingers. Think of something from a dream as lucid as it may appear and place it on paper only with the eyes. If only there existed a conduit of psychic communication like that of thought televised through supernatural sensations between beings. Perhaps there shouldn't. And for a good reason. People would quickly go insane. Yet The Eclipse was breaking this boundary. The first mechanism of its kind to capture the exact likeness of thought, as raw as it appears to a person who dreams. Alaric was the traveler, the man they selected to secure a flag of fantasy in the unknown atmosphere of mankind.

As Alaric removed himself from The Eclipse he had a vague recollection of seeing something through the eyes of the first tunnel of alternity when Nurse Quinn spoke. "Alaric dear, this is rather beautiful; your vision of what a woman is within you. You've dreamt of her eyes as though they possess platonic forms of fire. Is this how you envision her? Your sister the moon?"

"You mean I saw her?" Alaric replied. His eyes awake as skylights with dust particles dancing in the air. He went on like a beautiful loser about to gain the grandeur of vision melted in the passion of pleasure. "I vaguely remember touching someone's eyes as if they felt like silk pillows of pure thought. But I don't have recall of the fine details. What does she look like? Is she a twin soul, my anima?"

"We will have to get you to see the doctor. I'm sure you would love to see this image on the large screen of Dr. Zane's office where he can help you analyze things further. But first get yourself showered and dressed. Have something to eat as well. I know how you feel about your coffee and cigarettes. And I am sure you will need some Tabasco sauce to set your eyes on fire. Go calm yourself a bit and take some time to reflect before seeing Dr. Zane." A big grin came upon her face to see Alaric so enthused.

"Okay," Alaric said, "but I really am anxious to know if there is a woman out there on the other side of the mirror. Someone that exists *In the Orangery* of the future."

Alaric went off to prepare for the day while free associating on things such as the pulsing water on his back as he showered. A waterfall of wisdom more like that of his inner eye talking with the tongue of the sea without the salt. As if water was the unpolluted library of a mountain stream trying to teach a thousand books of mankind's myths without the tool of language. Without the archaic instrument to connect him to the next moment of the morning. Suddenly drinking his coffee not noticing what sentences to read on his way to the small cafeteria. Like looking at mirrors in a hallway and leaping to the next reflection without actually moving forward in time. Eating breakfast not realizing how he prepared it or if he ate it at all when the next flash of light found him brushing his teeth to smoke a cigarette at the other end of the unit—the harsh taste of tobacco settled him in reality. As a cloud of whales might swallow him, instead of his own lungs through the ocean with the force of a nuclear submarine, ready to engage the day with the death of another night. Finally, the end of the hall, he was

too anxious to meet the woman he envisioned as the queen of his heart. Too anxious to know that every sentence an author wrote of Alaric's story was another pawn upon the path to conquer the common sense of mankind. People were silly pieces of ceramic on a flat checkerboard of earth. Always moving in a set position, never leaping with imagination as an innovative piece might move on another board with bubbles in orbit as spaces to occupy. Perhaps the reason Alaric never noticed inhabitants of logic. He was built to know the compass around reality like a pawn in the hierarchy of a ridiculously intoxicated dream. To come closer and closer to seeing the satellite opening the starving mouth of the sun. The tongue of her eyes—to taste the sweet scent of her breath at last.

Alaric came to his senses that morning, as surreal as his day had begun. Ready to see Dr. Zane with the wonder of a wide eyed world as he came across Nurse Quinn in a bit of a hurry. "Alaric!" she said. "How on earth did you get ready so quickly?"

With a smile Alaric replied, "Ever watch Dave in 2001? From one moment of the monolith to the next, without taking the time to bother with the life in-between. I connect my dreams without the need for awareness."

"Ah, I see…well, Dr. Zane is ready. You can go right in," Nurse Quinn replied.

As Alaric entered the conference room full of empty places for the ghosts of people past Dr. Zane was there to meet Alaric at the door. A hint of an image behind Zane on the screen and Alaric hurried to see past the doctor. "Good morning Dr. Zane. What did you discover in the art of my attic?" Alaric asked.

Dr. Zane moved to the side with his arm stretched at the gold of her garden. "Amazing Alaric, to think, she was a reality upon the path of alternity."

At once, in a sun opening the curtains of day, she arrived with grace upon the gloss of Alaric's gaze from the screen. Blinding every corner of the room until the beams of her eyes built a beautiful array of art like that of dancing shadows withering away in a silent symphony of the psyche. Alaric knew her from a former life. One in which a world of dreams occupied existence, as the great art of the surrealist movement might suggest a time before the birth of creation. When image rounded the orbit of assembling reality from the building blocks of being. To suggest a living organism to rise from the gift of the alternative life in preexistent people. A Goddess of the garden before the birth of God. Before the stain of His mistake. His poor judgment in creating mankind from the spirit and the word, as a fool might write the Eden of earth with a clause impossible for people not to be punished. To go forth, into deeper and deeper levels of consciousness like that of drills in sewer systems. Alaric recalled the dream and with it a hint of sorrow. For he lost her in another universe of unorthodox verses, from a Bible without the beast of conscious text to cloud the mind in cryptic messages. She was a woman within a garden built without the eye of God. In a time of trust, when a man and a woman kept the grounds together as a reality unto themselves without the need for knowledge, but the sheer synergy of imagination falling into each other as an act of faith. Now Alaric was witness to the first wormhole of entering alternity. His option of altering death. In such a way as to ignore the twelve stalking Gods upon every move of the pawn, as the rules of chess might change. With such an option was the weight of her memory, as the fragrance from a letter might heighten the spell of her poem. Leaving Alaric to mind metaphor more than the designated roots that held him from delirium. She was beforehand, a beautiful essence of what a star might be until it shouts its final sentence of a supernova. Chess without the segment of squares. There need be resolve of this aspect of eyes, the intimacy of souls and the reason they return to remain separate.

"I have a feeling I don't need to help you analyze the meaning of this dream. I can see it in your eyes. You know she was a gift from the period before the point of creation. Before man became

conscious and wrote of his reflection. It is a shame. That we value the contribution of our consciousness in accordance with the focus we project to be the cosmos more so than we understand the wisdom of the animal kingdom and why their hearts are not clothed. Awareness of ourselves is not necessarily a gift to give the heavens, is it?" Dr. Zane asked.

Alaric was quick to reply. "Actually, no…life before life was with the divine. I do understand that I once melded minds with her form and of it an image of what I imagine that form to be. But that was long ago. Somewhere in a dream when there wasn't a question of when. Will I take her into alternity?"

"You remember her now that you have become conscious, but you can not sense presence in the state of achieving an insensate reality. Such is alternity. To know yourself without being aware of what you know yourself to be. To know her without knowing that you yourself exist at all. It is as numb as the moment you dreamt of her. So to answer your question I would have to say yes and no. Let me ask you this…what is more pleasant? The dream or the art of recalling it?" Dr. Zane asked.

"I imagine the dream itself holds no sorrow like that of waking from it. Even if it is a haze or numb experience too deeply rooted in the earth of something preexistent to God. Something beyond the condition of what the cosmos can experience as a reflection of itself. I think I might prefer an unconscious field of flowers. That with the hint of something there, but too high on the fragrance to feel the discomfort of anything else." Alaric was becoming more and more serious while sensing the former rungs on the ladder disappear as he climbed into the eyes of Dr. Zane's identity—a scientist of art and a mastermind of madness.

"That was very well put. I'm surprised at your progress, Alaric. I was hoping I could believe in you. Now you're more concrete than recorded history. I know it must be hard to trust in yourself, but your instincts are leading you to advance considerably in the short time you have been here. Yet let's put thought aside for the moment. You came in here in a hurry this morning, and although you may have been excited to see a sister of your soul you also need your downtime to soak in the day. To remember what you will go forth to forget—it is the art of alternity. We will meet tomorrow." Dr. Zane showed Alaric to the door with something buried in his smile. Alaric didn't seem to mind. He was no longer on a chess board of commonsense. Never truly believing that reality had rules to begin with. He went in search of the day like an elastic band snapping back into the boundary of earth. Very interested in Nurse Anderson's reaction to his dream.

It was the dead molasses through another day, to return to the final hour of existence before sleep like the blood flowing from a tree. Alternity was the art of chopping it down. And Alaric was the artist of an unusual way to erase preconceived notions of the past two millennium. Though he didn't quite comprehend the significance of his assignment until he began to place faces before reality became aware of itself, like that of his last dream. Alaric wandered through the rest of the morning with a taste of the future. From the moment before the clock struck twelve he had been fermented in the cellar of traveling time twice. The circle struck him as he relaxed with a wine of ash slowly forming from the fire of his cigarette. He was alone. As he believed himself to be in the record of history his path was not with other people, and perhaps the magic of the Neuro Art Institute was a facility in his head. Alaric knew he perceived something as the ash turned to demons dancing in the thick whirlpools of water evaporating from the tobacco and swimming from his lungs. He had to assume a fragment of life was still intact and what his illusions might be were still as real as the eyes in his skull. A bit too much to dream in the course of a life. Even as an author might dream about writing a dream. To dream about the reality of mind he writes in reality—enormous mansions of rooms built to house the artifacts of Alaric while running away from himself. A character as real to

life as an author's imagination is as real to Alaric. A God of two eyes to twirl the art of alternity into the eyes of two Gods. Alaric finished his cigarette as the nicotine now knew another day to gather the sections of his soul into a dream to build upon the last. Like bricks beyond the ozone of earth, floating with the freedom of the creative mind.

An outsider might read of Alaric and say he is not quite together. That vegetables are what people consider healthy. Forgive Alaric for being chocolate eggs on Easter. He was a Pagan deviation from the original resurrection. Once seeing life ahead of him to reach an age where he saw it behind him. Only a man of his early thirties and young in appearance, his stride ached with a shadow older than his soul. There in lies the darkness. There in lie the demons. An age when alternity stands before the door of death like a shield of something to silence the quiet. To make the thunderclap of thought the certainty of still water in a lake of calm constellations. Alaric was aware more so on this day, as he retired to his room to take to writing the shape of his shadow as he saw it from behind. Life was growing old like Christ carrying a cross. Loneliness is a slow and painful death, but they always claimed the alternative was not so hot. Alternity was actually the brilliant brainteaser of reading the final thoughts of famous figures in history. What a few words might say of the culmination of life, as Alaric gathered his thoughts with the thoughts of others he began to research online. No need to die if he knew the iceberg of its visible phrases from the dead. He could fathom what was invisible beneath the water. Enter alternity and end the torment of the ticking turning the face of Alaric into a grandfather clock for people to continue counting the new millennium. But back to the story of a time in place where a few people from the future brought Alaric ahead of his time. He awaited a visit from Nurse Anderson, the beautiful eyes of bean stalks, for Alaric to imagine his own fable upon the clouds.

Of course Nurse Anderson appeared as real as an object of Alaric's perception, with the assumption that she was an essence of her own. Even if that essence was within the brain of Alaric's manufactured masterpiece. Perhaps a guide beckoning him from the construction of tomorrow that he could calculate by cause and effect. A hologram of material form from the perception of each of the senses, she was real enough that Alaric wanted something else. Something in her eyes. The fable upon the cloud of his own imagination was worth more than the intimacy of anything manifesting itself in what appeared to be real. Alaric wanted mind alone, as an egg wants to think of what it will design, a life to go forth without words while wearing wings.

When Nurse Anderson arrived Alaric was lying in bed and resting his eyes. Hearing her approach, Alaric noticed a transparent person for a moment as she materialized into the time frame of the present. Real enough for now, and too archaic in form to desire any woman other than the art of alternity. Even conversation seemed segmented squares to constrict pieces of thought into something imperfect. Even in her eyes. Though the art of speech was all mankind had the ingenuity to create at this point in evolution. And of course it was words like seeds in the soil of growing the garden of a dream. So steps, as fundamental as they seemed, needed to be taken to break the boundaries of the dictionary, as every word connects to the other in a closed system of thought. Steps taken on the spiral staircase of a chessboard to reach the climax of another queen. That the mysterious moves of her eyes held clues of the next Eclipse.

"Good morning Alaric, I'm not disturbing your rest, am I?" Nurse Anderson said, as she smiled pleasantly.

"No, I was just meditating on the way I seem to be constructing my perception," Alaric replied.

Nurse Anderson took a seat at the computer desk, trying to find the image of the last dream from file. She approached the conversation with a gentle rain from the mist of her heaven, as the aura of her

eyes radiated around her. “Dr. Zane showed me the image from your dream last night. I thought it was very beautiful. I know that our conversations trigger something in you, which is why I am here. To help you achieve your desired state. Yet even though it is my eyes you wander into, the woman was not me. She was too platonic. Too embedded in your post birth experience, as if she was real to the truth of your heart, but preexistent to the formation of your mind, as you first began to assemble the way in which you were going to recognize the reality of life. I find it very intriguing that something can crop up from your unconscious and reveal an artifact of something collective when it is not something of your own experience in life. Not anything you could ever truly remember. What do you think of the woman?”

Alaric paused as he gathered his thoughts. “Well, I think you are right. There is a collective of the unconscious as Jungians might believe. A place which holds the artifacts of existence before our own personal reality is developed to comprehend our existing life. What I am curious about is how I happen to tap into the reservoir of these things. I mean, what connects me to her? I do imagine she is my anima, my sister soul if you will. But what makes me able to see into something imperceptible from this point in a closed system of nature? I know I saw the system of the soul with the resolve to alternity. Yet, I don’t understand what makes my inner eye see beyond the boundary of itself, as if I add one and one and come up with three.”

Nurse Anderson turned to the computer as she finally found the image of the woman. Then with a mysterious move on the spiral chessboard of suggesting its sudden deviation from a flat earth she remarked. “That is easy Alaric, you leap. You don’t always have to look to see what is on the other side when you break the boundary. In your case, you simply enter the unknown, as if walking through a door, until the next room becomes known to you. You don’t have to see to believe. You see what you believe.”

“I suppose that makes sense. I saw her as I believed she existed in some state of being, even if not known to this reality. But now that I’ve found her she is gone. Now that I’ve become conscious of her image from a form she is like a photograph of an old flame. The form that was so etched in a preexistence sun of forms leaves me with a sunburn to resolve the road to alternity and the next Eclipse. What shape will she take on the other side of the ocean when I leap with a wave of her bottled beauty?” Alaric asked.

Nurse Anderson allowed Alaric access to a pleasant position within her eyes. “That was an interesting use of metaphor. You know where you are coming from. Do you need to truly know more than that to know where you are going? Let me ask you this: What is liberty?”

“Hmm…I imagine it is the freedom from the seed of what I wish to grow. It is the egg cracked by the light of vision. It is the first flight of man dreamt on a sketch of Da Vinci centuries before the Wright brothers had any idea how to dream the thought with their eyes open. A ship in a bottle such as an aged wine ready to intoxicate the freedom of a new nation. A concept about to be born—to be conceptualized like a secret of the soul put forth unto the table of the last supper. The body and blood transferred from that of a man to a symbol. To make an idea live free from myself in a world of its own.” Alaric replied with the soft gaze of being his own god.

“You are a quick study, Alaric. If you believe you offer a significant symbol you most likely contain the key to alternity. I think you will have something new to dream. Something to evolve upon her meaning. For now I must get going, but we will talk tomorrow,” Queen captured. Nurse Anderson slowly walked from the desk to the door.

“Okay, enjoy the rest of your day Nurse Anderson,” Alaric replied.

“You too Alaric, and don’t fear what you will find when you enter another unknown room. Your

faith that a gift exists is all you need to know that it is there. And though you may not understand until you have realized it, your ability to walk upon the water without believing you will drown is your greatest asset." Nurse Anderson disappeared as a ghost into the next day when Alaric awaited her to haunt him from the future once again.

Alaric returned to meditating with something to evolve upon in the theory of thought. As though thought itself had its own ocean of philosophy too deep to be captured in the limit of something as archaic as that which meditates its closed system of nature. To add one and one—to arrive at three. Alaric's creativity was the king of a sphere like that of a sun reaching distant galaxies in a grand game of chess. To fathom the depths without needing words. Without needing a way to express the dam from a faucet, as though comprehension of Atlantis in reality was enough to make it real without having to sculpt Michelangelo's *David* with a piece of chalk on a chalkboard. To simply envision in content without caring if he could create the art of that which is invisible. Sound became sight and sight became sound. Senses touching water in a ripple of rain drops. To taste alternity, as though it felt like the smooth texture of chocolate melting millions of brain cells into the most pleasant madness. To know the five senses to unite in the origin of her beauty. A woman such as a symbol. That which layers rings of meaning around the rainbow of reality in its state of being within the retina of a dream. A wave unto the heart of liberty like that of the mind free from its cage. Such was Alaric in his desire to explode his senses into the outer limits of earth and its false law of gravity. To know liberty, breaking boundaries upon the heart of his dream of her. To resolve alternity and create a symbol of himself, that Alaric might fulfill the prophecy of reeling in his own religion.

Alaric meditated for most of the day. Almost touching base with the earth of mars and the red dust of becoming the life form of a lizard on its uninhabitable desert of dreams. Opening his eyes to his room and the clock on the wall, as it spoke in numerals of the night and the need to silence the ticking with the act of falling sound asleep. The Eclipse was calling. Just about screaming his name from the drifting day of his time spent in seclusion. He could have left his body in meditation for the art of finding Dr. Zane's device of dreams without the aid of his physical form. Like sailing onto the shore of tomorrow, where his ghost awaited him to walk with the rest of the souls he swore he could see, but seldom made sense of. The irrational life of living a dream seldom understands the reason of sound judgment when it is the reason of living in reverie that seems irrational to the common sense of mankind. Yet Alaric floated on the thin air of becoming preposterous to people that read about his travel from the first sentence to the final phrase of an author concluding the gift of life. He hovered upon the building blocks of space and time that organized his senses into a coherent painting of a mind-numbing realist of nature. Until he found Nurse Quinn calculating the next Eclipse with a woman's touch. The touch of someone nurturing the unnatural as if it was the mechanical child of a virgin birth. As if the Eclipse was conscious.

Nurse Quinn looked up from her task to calibrate The Eclipse for another night. Alaric noticed her from the distance of a large hall of the small room as she echoed to him. People rippled sound waves when Alaric was drunk on the desire to dream. "Alaric dear, I see you are ready for another night's adventure in the mind of the machine. Please…wire yourself into the network and have a good night sleep. We shall be ready for your revisions to reality. I'm sure you have enough to evolve upon yourself with the creative mathematics of a seesaw counting your conversations."

"Well, Dr. Zane and Nurse Anderson always offer me something to meditate on. It is almost as if they exist within me, as aspects of myself. All that my eyes create, a reality unto myself. "Alaric said as he engaged the mechanical carcass.

"Life is unusual in living a dream. Especially when you live a lifetime of dreams within a dream.

Time to flex that ripple into the surf of washing upon the liberation of your bottled emotion. Your desire to break the boundary of being," Nurse Quinn said as she readied The Eclipse and made the final adjustments for the environmental control.

Before he knew it Alaric was wearing the black mask of cameras ready to read his retinas in a sudden haze of gas as thick as glue. Making him stick to the canvas in a painting by fire like that of the son of something too mutated to call man. Out like a puppet cut from his strings to be free among the art of the unconscious. The curtain of the theater was ready to reveal its moon upon the sun as soon as the cosmos aligned from the abyss. Water under the ocean and beneath the waves of what might be the surf of sunlight upon the drama of another dream—Alaric was bound by bliss.

It was sudden. The ship across the flat earth of ocean surfaced from Atlantis, as a message in a bottle might ride the wave unto an inhabited land. A land of liberty in a subterranean homeland of Easter Island, as though Alaric's sister soul had become a beckon of stone. A rock of reality upon the shore of his memory, as she only lived within the world of her eyes. Awaiting Alaric, that his message from the bliss of his unconscious mind might sail forth unto her stare. To read his voyage as he plotted the stars. To know the shape of the cosmos from which his signature held the sign of a new zodiac situated in another world beneath an alien sky. As Alaric was caption of the Ark, and even in his first year of the wheel, as he stood beneath the lamp of his desk writing his dreams to her, she forged the future of the mind's eye in the actuality of art. That letters across the ocean of the universe might be satellites of radiating auras reaching the synergy of Alaric and the monument of imagination sculpted from the essence of his inner self. If only he was aware of the note he had written to sail to her soul within him. Aware of the exact words his psyche might say on a wave unto an island inside of himself. As soon as he came to question, the current crashed upon her eyes, leaving the liberation of meaning that was trapped within the boundary of the bottle to be broken upon the art of advancing. The scene changed to a computer screen with a phrase written in bold type. It simply said, "There is no language as advanced as an absent eye." Just then Alaric lost the dream with the clear memory of wisdom that what was hidden within it. Back to the abyss he submerged in the broken bottle of his glass gaze. Back to bliss, the reality of thought without the mind.

Chapter Nine:
The Memories That Make a Successful Soul

This is the second time that the absent eye was mentioned to Alaric in a dream. The first was when he saw Plato, or perhaps it was Socrates. The distinction between the two is unclear and history could never determine if Socrates was used as a character, much like an author might imagine Alaric as real as his own ego. The absent eye was of course the organ of alternity. With it was a language more advanced than that of the written word, and perhaps more advanced than that of mathematics. To see within a dream, as sight saw from the absence of itself. There had to be an invisible perception even more imperceptible than a sixth sense. Something that connected the subatomic particles of a puzzle with a thread and needle of making sense out of the irrational reality of soap operas of visions. An eye to weave the fact and fantasy of an entire life into the final reconciliation that everything is true, whether it is artifice or not. He was certain The Eclipse didn't capture a snapshot of the phrase he saw on the computer as he dreamt. Most likely the symbols that lead to the revelation were revealed to the scientists of this modern machine. It was indeed ironic that the language too advanced for words could be suggested by words to exist in a higher form of thought. But the sublime of such was impossible to articulate precisely without leaving a world of missing pieces. As if there was a level of thought that radiated the entire spectrum of so called existence. Alaric was going to have to reason the theory of the absent eye with the scientists of The Eclipse. Yet he was crippled with the mind and what tools intelligence had of thought.

As soon as he awoke Nurse Quinn called to Alaric to share the treasure, to announce that the candid camera of brain candy had captured something sweet. "Alaric dear, rise and shine," she said. "We have success. The snapshot of the second wormhole. It appears to be her. The land of liberty across the ocean of your dreams. You have a way of making contact with her eyes and reading them as a monument upon a distant shore in your soul."

"Oh…well, thanks. I remember a bit about the dream. There was a message in a bottle hidden within it, as well as her eyes alive in the shrine of stone. Yet I do think I need my coffee this morning and a cigarette to gather my thoughts. These dreams are beginning to drain me to some extent." Alaric replied with his eyes weighing heavy in their sockets.

"Of course Alaric, take your time waking up this morning. The doctor will be waiting for you when you are ready," Nurse Quinn said, as Alaric left for a heavy dose of stimulants.

To the cafeteria and a large pot of coffee with the rounded reflection of himself in an MC Escher masterpiece of the mind on worn magnetic strips. Just like looking at himself from tomorrow. The future was colored with the chrome of an abnormal armor. And coffee was a nectar to enhance the speed at which one might imagine events to unfold in such a reflection. Imagining them in such a way that the more bizarre the mirror the more Alaric became a man of mercury. With a gallon of gasoline to get the pistons of perception to open the window of the world Alaric had his day's first cigarette. Remembering his reflection like a lake ripples with a drop of rain to proclaim it assimilated a new aspect of its reality. Alaric awoke to conscious thought like a hawk eyeing alternity for the sake of seeing consciousness augment from the comfort zone of creation to the outside of existence. To discover what an absent eye might see.

After getting ready for a new day of brain teasing discussions with the dentists of the mind's mouth, Alaric went for root canal with Dr. Zaniac. Greeting Nurse Quinn on the way with the open eyes under the water of electric arteries shocking his system they began to talk a bit. "It is good to see you

are wide awake, Alaric dear. I understand how you must feel about the process, but stick with this. It's no different than letting go of your art. You can't take it with you and at some point in life you have to let go. You do have to say yes, as Lennon might say. It is surrender. Have you ever heard that song?"

Alaric remembered a younger day when his CD collection had captured the heart of his heroes. "You mean "Mind Games"? Sure, love is the answer. Lennon believed it was real. The man died the way he lived. Without fear and in the open. Some of his work was impressive, but sometimes when I listen to the Beatles and his solo career I wonder if he was singing children songs. And besides, I don't like it when musicians take a political stance. It should be about the art, unless of course they think they might make a good politician. I love the music, but I wouldn't have voted Lennon into office. Imagine if he tried to put his ideal society to work as the president? He was no Plato."

"Well, it does seem to be the case sometimes that they take their status as an artist too seriously. Yet he was pure of imagination, and there was a special magic about his music. You are an artist, Alaric. It is about something different for you though. You don't need to say anything to anyone but yourself. You're not concerned with an earthly agenda. You are what Timothy Leary called a futant. You are a scout for the future. You are genetically engineered to raise our level of consciousness. You are creation's creature of the wildcard. Your most personal meditations, they are there on canvas for what? You have spoken in such a way that people think you are alien. And you worry what people think, don't you? Why do you release them?" Nurse Quinn replied.

"I honestly don't know. Do I experiment ahead of mankind? Once in a while I have reached that sanctuary in someone's soul. I can touch their heart and enter their eyes. Yet we return to hiding behind the wall of our defenses. It's not that I worry what people think as much as I'm not sure I want to know. I mean, after all, I am a person. People honestly don't want to hear what I truly think of them. I truly think thought itself is enough to get my point across. It does seem such a waste at times though. To hear how wonderful someone thinks a piece of my art is, but to never truly live within the world that bridges two beings. To be the art itself. How can you surrender completely, how can you forfeit a match and let go of your defenses? How can you give up the game when the glasses you wear are glued to your face to follow the rules of chess for the sake of survival?" Alaric asked.

"Every game ends, Alaric. It is not only how you play the game, it is how you decide to finish it. There are ways of winning without having to abide by the rules of the game. Be imaginative, as you have been. Chess boards aren't always flat and pieces aren't always positioned in their logical fashion. Reality isn't black and white and you are not in Kansas anymore, so to speak. But you should know that already. Be your art and let your art be. You're coming closer to alternity. I will buzz the doctor and you can talk to him in more detail. He has the answers you are looking for to resolve the reason you dream of her. The reason you dream of a certain type of love that is a paradox of possibility," Nurse Quinn said, letting the doctor know Alaric was waiting.

The door soon opened and Dr. Zane was standing there before the monitor of the big screen. The magic of movies standing still with the art of his dream was behind him, as the wave of Atlantis on the edge of extinction set sail for the new continent of a living monument of liberty. "Come in Alaric. I will get right to the point. You never cease to amaze me. You dream of rivers in the desert sand and you irrigate reality with a golden sun of white light coming forth from her eyes as she visits the world while they sleep. As if all mankind wakes with the same dream to ponder the revelation of the world as one. Peace on earth in one organized orgasm of the cosmos. The dead rise to a supernatural being revealing more than any manmade God."

Alaric was stunned. "My dreams can't possibly be that significant Dr. Zane. They are real to me;

real to you, but it is not as if I have the power to penetrate the dreams of the world with my own visions. I'm not even sure if there is still a world out there with dreams to penetrate. You're talking nonsense, as if I hail from the future. Please, just tell me why I dream of her?"

"Nonsense? What about the theory of alternity? You will see in time. I do believe you dream of her because she is not real to existence. She is an alien to earth. This woman, or essence of, is unimaginable. How you managed to conceive of her breaks the rules and ruptures reality. This goes beyond the boundaries. I have already explained the state of alternity. When you become conscious of the dream that presents her to you she exists in memory. You lose her. In alternity she is animated in a state of your being unaware. She lives. In memory she is a monument. She is stone," Dr. Zane replied.

Just like a woman Alaric thought as the words came to his mouth. "So I can't live with her or without her as the saying goes? She is a paradox. An aspect of my existence that contradicts all that exists. Why did I uncover her in the first and second wormhole of the matrix or soul system, and what can I hope to resolve by seeing her again?"

"Hmm…those are good questions," Dr. Zane said as he began to pace back and forth with his arms folded behind his back. "I believe Nurse Anderson can better help you with the answers. But if you want my opinion, it is about the essence of intimacy in your life. Your desire, and your feelings of being unable to attain the goddess image you project onto a real woman. As such, an image is not relevant to anything but the hierarchy of boundaries you have broken within your own imagination. Which is why the woman you dream of is irrelevant to reality, but for the sake of knowing her within you. I speculate the next dream will resolve issues concerning her glory as she exists in relation to the souls of women you have gazed into. Woman that you have projected her on, but with the false illusion that she is an aspect of reality. I'm sure this makes sense to you, Alaric. I'm not sure where this woman you dream of resides in known existence or why she appears real to you. It is probably the case that you have isolated so long in life that you've broken a barrier within being that has opened a chasm into a new invention of existence."

Alaric took a seat at the conference table feeling he had a bit too much coffee that morning. "So these are issues I must resolve to enter alternity. It just seems like such a shame. There was something else about the dream I had last night that you didn't get a snapshot of. The ship in the bottle held a note within the dream, which appeared to me on a computer screen just before I lost the vision. It said that there is no language as advanced as an absent eye. I also had another dream where I saw the eye, it was of alternity. What do you make of that?"

Dr Zane's eyes lit up. "The absent eye of alternity? Let me ask you this: As we speak, do you feel that the thoughts in your mind as we are observing this subject can come close to touching this with our intellect?"

"Are you trying to say there is another boundary to be broken?" Alaric asked.

"It is impossible to break so long as you are confined to the construct of the mind. Yet it is only a limit in so far as we exist. We can exist in a state of contradiction. To be unreal to ourselves. It is your birth right, Alaric. How long have you waited? How much older must you become? When will you finally say that the time is right? You've come this far, and for you to return to conventional reality would be like setting yourself on fire and living in flames. You belong to alternity. It is the finish line of the future where man is more than flesh, but theory of thought in the absence of the eye that sees the horizon. The eye that sees imagination beneath the ceiling of mankind. Imagine the universe from an omnipresent point of view. Resolve the goddess and I give you the gift of God," Dr. Zane said with eyes as mad as furnaces as he stood still before the monitor.

Alaric stood as he braced the conference table and leaned forward into the furnace. "Okay…I

know it is too late to return to conventional reality. I was born to be who I am. I imagine I should be that person. My identity is clear to me. But who on earth are you?"

Dr. Zane laughed. "You mean you have been playing along all this time without questioning our purpose in the aspect of your personality? Myself and the rest of the Neuro Art Institute are scientists, Alaric. We are the scientists of reality itself, being a subjective construction of your imagination. We are not dreams, nor are we concrete. We are the elders of your future; we come from the tomorrow that you witness in the haunting of yourself. As a human being you have many voices within you. We take shape from the form of archetypes to help press forward the progress of the self, your central archetype. We are real in the respect that we form flesh and blood from dimensions hidden within the scope of reality to analyze such reality as a hand might feel its way across an entire body to sculpt a human being without using its eyes. Believe it or not, Alaric. You once believed in something as far fetched as the Bible without ever wondering if someone was working magic. Magic on paper that is. Is it so hard to believe that you create the cosmos, that you are the one to merge heart and practical to make magic happen out of a void? If you had to decide between a person someone wrote of centuries ago and yourself, who is formulating reality as we speak?"

Alaric just stood there as dazed as death. "Everything you say to me I say to myself. The world as I knew it to be before and after I arrived at the Institute will refuse to settle down. As if a chain reaction of events is already leading to a complete collapse. What is one more revelation in the greater scheme of things? Sure, grant me the God of alternity from the reflection of tomorrow. I think I've been here too long."

Dr. Zane showed Alaric to the door with great pleasure in seeing him acknowledge the discovery of fate so quickly that he began to phase out into the form of snow on the monitor. Before Alaric knew what happened as he walked through the drawbridge of tomorrow Dr. Zane was on the big screen. Talking as if Alaric might master such illusion himself. "Alright then, as you see me in your future I await you with alternity. There are but a few more adjustments to reality. Only a couple more dreams to resolve. Go rest for a while. This has been an intense morning."

Alaric went in search of the afternoon and some Zanity. The mornings were truly starting to erode the rest of the day in the same way as a rusting skull of steel might house a brain that takes it through time. Not unlike the name of Christ in the new millennium. Raw tissue, sensitive to the touch of electric stimulation to manipulate the thing to remember something vivid from any verse the Frankenstein of Alaric wishes he himself might think. To read the brain like the Bible. That The Eclipse might make Alaric an organic machine his author toys with to carve a mind of its own.

Alaric went in search of some silence. To his room with a mechanical brain on the desk beside his bed. A thing within a thing that he might manipulate to carve a mind of its own. Perhaps a series of minds might reach the nucleus of every combination the world of words created from the building blocks of two digits. Animated atoms of stone figures like the deities of anima and animus at the core of the soul. But for the afternoon Alaric set aside the candle melting the wax, as the flame had the hunger of a stalking creature of man. It was time to breathe. Meditating on the inhalation of stale air in the underground of the unconscious Institute of Neuro Art was enough to free the form of thought. Flying into cellular rainbows as they danced across the sky of his closed eyelids. Enough to keep Alaric's mind focused on something shiny. How pleasant to see the sun sparkle on the roof of the waves without thoughts reading themselves or caring what the wind has to say about whatever image comes to mind. Simply standing outside of being, long enough to find it bizarre. And back to his body with the thin line of life Alaric knew himself to be. Noticing the clock stranding him in a circle of segments, the afternoon washed away into a place as mysterious as the next moment looking

backwards at him.

He sat at the desk for a while and watched as his reflection in the monitor haunted him as though he was calling himself. As if to say he was already there, feeding off of the circuitry as the simulated software of an artificial intelligence. A mind made real by the reflection of too much sculpture of mental metal altered and alloyed into the golden armor of Neuro art. These dreams, as he flipped through images of his soul, were more than mere reverie abstracted from the roots of reality. They were the unnatural terrain beneath an alien sky with clouds of mercury for rain. The symbols of suggested worlds outside the window of the mind. To be authentic as Alaric might appear to be true to himself. The naked facts of the mind's eye, as such an eye divides into two forms of physical organs of which it imagines to be as real as itself. If only Alaric could uncover the eye foretold to be absent. He might be still. He might stop wandering through the imagination of what it manufactures around every corner of the maze called creation. Only a few more dreams to resolve the doctor claimed. And at last, alternity in the shape of seeing without senses. Omnipresent perspective of the paradoxical paradise—unreal in the heart of reality. Alaric was coming closer to grasping the concept. To see it stand before him from tomorrow as a mirror might have a mind of its own at the end of a large hall. It was at the end of the maze, the finish line of things known to exist in the present—the world unfolding to stop it in a state of contacting the self.

And just when Alaric's mind was ready to multiply into the phantom of the future she arrived with a whisper from the wings of a clinical look into his eyes. Alaric swept his vision from the floor of futanity to penetrate her pupils with the ghostly glare of going mad. Nurse Anderson screamed the silent hail to the Hitler Alaric feared in the furnace of his psyche. To go unspoken, his words of scripture in the existent solitude of neurological art; Alaric was the noise of the next God to come upon the face of man in the clear view of characters he created within him. Suddenly realizing his significance, a master of puppets within his personality, the time was drawing near to memorize the success of Satan's soul. As if the distant future, high on the octane of alternity, was not immune to the struggle of good and evil as the essence of Alaric weaved the world within. The devil of dialect was beginning to escape the limit of language for the lust of leaving human mechanics in the machine of the mind. Like a vulture from the egg, the dark circles around Alaric's eyes were enough to speak of inhuman swings in the shape of things to come. The magic of his moods under the sea upon his shoulders in the shape of the sky were starting to go black as the blind. Alaric suddenly gathered enough of what was left to speak with the nurse without tearing the room apart from being prone to breakdown under too much stress.

"Yes Nurse Anderson," Alaric spoke while taking a deep breath.

"You look exhausted," she said. "Is there anything I can help you with today?"

"Please forgive me; Dr. Zane shocked me this morning. I've been meditating most of the day, but I'm once again walking that tight rope of reality without a net. It seems to be a very fine line between the two oceans of rooms I can enter. Good and evil exist side by side throughout the course of balancing the universe. Even in the farthest reaches of the future I can not burn the Bible or the book of Revelations. The religion is a stain of Christ and the coming of the Anti-Christ, as it seems the essence of existence is black and white, a yin yang, and only two basic digits to create the entire metaphysical reality of a machine. Why can't they be left on earth while I dream of alien dreams without something associated with the light and the shadow? Can't the world as we know it be washed away with Atlantis?" Alaric asked while Nurse Anderson stood by the door.

"You bring up some interesting questions, Alaric. Do you believe that Atlantis was ever truly washed away? How did you come to know of it if it is not rooted in the soil of civilization?" she

asked.

"It is myth. Something speculated in the mind of a philosopher. I know it as such to be real in the same sense as history is a subjective record of scholars," Alaric replied.

"So you also say the same about all recorded history? There is no evidence that anything exists but the present state of what we are talking about at the moment. This room…your being and your perception of me. You talked with the doctor this morning, but you have no proof that this morning occurred unless you are still there. You have a memory. Is your memory real, as present perception of reality might be? Also, let me ask you this: You mentioned walking upon a tight rope of reality with two oceans of positive and negative worlds on either side. Though you may have gazed into either world are you not walking on the tight rope? Is the tight rope not reality, your stream of conscious thought? Or in other words, do these oceans beside you exist in theory as concepts you recognize in understanding your present train of thought? Should thought have a measure in the absence of the eye, the language of alternity?" Nurse Anderson asked.

"You raise some interesting questions. I imagine thought in its purest form is pure. There is no measure. There is only thought without categorizing it. And I suppose the judgment of worlds can be washed away in the act of achieving alternity. In the same sense that memory can be the position of pieces on a chess board, to be swept away by an innovative move outside of the box. To change the rules of the game. The irrational is more powerful than gravity. Overcome reason with something uncanny and reality has to have an imaginary law of nature to control coincidence. Conquer the game itself by playing the God of alternity," Alaric said.

"I think you are ready, Alaric. You made a significant move. Although it has not been spoken between us today, I believe Dr. Zane will be impressed with the way you resolve this Goddess, this feminine archetype of Atlantis. The coming Eclipse will reveal her to you once more. I have to go, but I am glad I could be of help." Nurse Anderson evaporated from the tight rope of Alaric's stream of consciousness. Not quite sure which ocean she was from, or if the heavens held a throne for the constellation of her form. Alaric had a feeling she vanished for good into the deeper regions of his unconscious like a meteor that created a crater in his mind. After all, she was within him. A voice he heard from his own tongue like the thought of a chess match against himself. Only one person can win. Even as mankind masters the atom—they can defeat themselves with a single execution.

Alaric returned to counting the clock. Expecting to see the last of her as a figment washed away in the next number staring back at him. The number of alternity was the only truth—that a man might settle in the center of zero. Where positive and negative numbers are there for the soul purpose of entertaining the mind with another language. One that amounts to even more of mankind's fantasy, as hunters of knowledge build magic on the wall of a cave. There had to be an eye that was absent from reason, from the formula of understanding. Something so irrational that sight might conquer the cosmos with the God of alternity Alaric was born to be granted.

With his organic eyes feeling the pressure of too much to consider in the course of a day Alaric turned to the moon ready to enter the art of the wild. When he came upon Nurse Quinn he looked at her from the angle of the alternative. She was within him, another flesh and blood manifestation of his imagination. Like the language of mathematics, she was a combination of integers creating a schema of reality to entertain his mind with something fanciful. People are funny, and now she was peculiar too. Standing there, as she looked up from her own imagination of herself within the mind of Alaric like a bubble of oxygen in the ocean of the universe. Alaric realized he never truly knew anyone that entered his life. They locked in a new gaze, as someone might meet a friend having uncovered something bizarre about their identity. Which of course Alaric did. Knowing he was communicating

with the creations of his own unconscious mind as it made characters out of archetypes. The scientists of reality mapping Alaric's mind with a magnified glass like a telescope might be the conscience to create the chart of the universe. He smiled and played along with the illusion, as people could be very shallow. That was what made them phony. But if they came from the warehouse of form like the bottled air of every essence, such was the sun of forms. Essence was real enough to manifest the air into magic. And of course Alaric was winning the award from his author as the most abnormal aspect of his personality. So funny is as funny does.

"Hi Nurse Quinn, I'm ready to go under the microscope of The Eclipse," Alaric said, curious to see what significant move Nurse Anderson claimed he made.

"Good evening, Alaric. Have you come to see how the game is played?" Nurse Quinn said with a hint of scheming something in her eyes.

"Well, life is a deadly game, isn't it? I'm looking for the alternative," Alaric replied.

"Good, hook yourself up to our magical sleeping eye of The Eclipse. Forget about mankind for a while. They can only hurt you in your dreams of life. We are here to welcome you to the irrational reality of the world within." Nurse Quinn spoke over the microphone as Alaric went through the nightly ritual of wearing the mask of an imminent messiah.

When the cloud came through the nozzle of the theatrical mask of the upcoming drama Alaric swore he heard a suggestion before he went under the knife. "Sweep mankind with the hand of a hawk." And then it was the spell of The Eclipse, as whispers turned to sand slowly drifting about the floor of the ocean. Like any other lapse of conscious thought it takes an act of faith to let go of life in such a way that a void consumes the soul while it is not there. How advanced an eye becomes when it rests in the center of zero. Suddenly seeking a series of positive and negative numbers in a schema of magic cropping up from the computer of the collective. An eye so advanced it gathers every character from human knowledge to make metaphysical worlds alien to the knowledge they come from. Hidden in the language of letting light be from the absence of existence, such is the God of whatever Alaric wished to see. To create a Bible of his own being to live within the ocean of the cosmos, as if the common element of water is the intellect that reads the reality of alternity.

The dream came with a calendar of creations like that of miscellaneous objects at a yard sale. As if the yard was a chess board to sell off sections of the soul, or pieces of memory replaced with associated items to exaggerate their significance as merchandise for the mind. She was there with the stone head of a Greek goddess slightly weathered by wisdom. An overlord of every item to be associated with her presence. As if the pieces of Alaric's heart were sown together with the thread of her kingdom in his psyche. Alaric walked along the shore of the dream and touched upon the value of each item. They were charged with the energy of connections to every corner of his world, within the eyes of his gaze, into the eyes of another. The possessions of women that he could recall as presents from their heart, spoken with the cotton of color like that of gentle waves massaging the mind from a single glance. Her boulder of beauty dominated the garden of gifts, as if to say Alaric could not look upon one without linking it to her almighty ownership. Every set of eyes within the living form of each item led to a suggestion that pawns were an aspect of the figure head Alaric projected upon them. More than mere mortals, more than things within themselves. Every section of the soul was segmented into the centerpiece of her possession of Alaric's psyche.

The dream was almost an empire without an opponent to devise a strategy of defeat, until it hit Alaric in the middle of his inner ear, to sweep mankind with the hand of a hawk. The irrational raging from the edge of reality like Atlantis erupting volcanoes of Armageddon from beneath the sea. The tidal wave of taking the day with tomorrow. The next piece of mankind to conquer the new game of

chess with a move as raw as imagination freaking on fire with the beginning of a new civilization. To erase the match and put an end to the mate, as the divinity she shared had grown ancient with wisdom from archaic squares of yesterday's junk. A sudden power unleashed an army of his own voice with the hand of a hawk, as though the eye of such a bird hovered with the imagination of human limbs to call forth a new creation on earth. The formation of the futant—a creature come forth from mysterious moves on the other edge of existence, before time had the opportunity to catch up with itself. Before mankind knew what hit them, as chess, the art of every mind game, was washed away with the weather of a new wisdom. The wisdom of the future uprooted from the past—the art of the irrational. And as the move was an uproar of innovation in changing the rules of reality, the law of the natural world awaited another puppeteer to pull the strings of the cosmos. Alaric vanished from the wave into the futant, to wake from the past and step ahead of reality, where footprints create the concept of such. Her throne made a memory for Alaric to stare at the stone of columns she created. A guest appearance in his life of oceans, dreamt for the future of the final satellite to puncture the eye of the sun.

Chapter Ten:
Weaving Art into the Lost Columns of Atlantis

As it comes to pass Nurse Quinn was correct, Alaric experimented ahead of mankind. Alaric was indeed a futant, genetically engineered as an aspect of an author's personality sent out to scout a future to unfold himself into. An explorer, from that of tomorrow vivid within his eyes before Alaric opened them to today. He was in front himself, ready to fulfill what he could imagine on the canvas of his mind's eye. The future of an alien art, a possibility or an alternative of that which might raise the level of consciousness among all creation. Perhaps to the point of descending into madness like that of abstract reasoning to further mankind into an absurdity of psychic space. The future is of course bizarre in any shape to those who dream of voyaging to a distant star and back again at an inner speed faster than that of light. This makes the futant rare, extremely misunderstood, looked upon as an idiot savant, rebellious or just insane. Often they are cast out and in some cases killed.

Highly eccentric organisms of life that deviate from the course to lead a line that rounds away from the rest within a spiral of themselves. Often breaking under the pressure of being too complex internally, some persevere to uncover Atlantis. Not an actual continent beneath the Atlantic, but an alien city from the lost world of myth within the realm of the psyche. Something situated in the future of a new reality of Alaric, to arrange with the memory of three dreams he had of his sister soul, now that of psychic stone. The beauty of her weathered wisdom began to form a mother archetype that dominated Alaric's view of women in conventional reality. This explained the laws of the natural world to him and why women with the eyes of physical form seemed such paths to the supernatural being he imagined within them. As if blinded by his mother's unconscious endeavor to instill a perception of awe. Alaric's irrational uproot of Atlantis from the world beneath the wave, as washing free from the governance of her hold in his unconscious history, was his own character emerged from that of an illogical leap in progress. Contrary to the pieces of the archaic earth of squares, they were swept away to plunge the civilization of an ancient archetype of authority into the window of the next world—the eye open to alternity. Absent from all knowledge of existence conceived to be any language within the law of human mechanics.

Alaric awoke from The Eclipse with a vague recollection of his dream. He remembered the tidal wave that washed away her prevailing piece of magic over his mind. But he could not recall the fine details or the significance of what the dream meant to him.

Nurse Quinn called to him from the adjacent room as she spoke into the microphone, "Alaric dear, I'm glad to see you are awake. You will be pleased to know that you have completed the trilogy of the chess game. Sorry for the use of such a metaphor, but mind games are like chess. And now you have eliminated the need to play any longer. Chess is earth's most sophisticated game of strategy. Even when reading the *Art of War,* all of the wisdom within that book can be applied to a chess match in life. You made an irrational move upon the face of civilization, and such are dreams, that pieces are not positioned in logical fashion to abide by the laws of nature. Nor are they positioned to abide by the laws of the space time continuum. Sometimes the natural order of the world is freakish. Allowing room for unexplained coincidence and the irrational explanation of why people deserve to be demolished by a concept called God. People will use Him as the name of an unsolved event in order to make sense of something meaningless yet seemingly significant. But you use irrational wisdom to your advantage. Knowing that you yourself are the God of that which is skillfully engineered to occur as the freak event of your own character."

"I guess I should feel special. I'm a freak," Alaric replied with a goofy grin.

"Alaric, you are a futant," Nurse Quinn said as she went on. "If I may quote Leary he once stated, 'There is a futant genetic caste wired for the role of evolutionary agent: one who foresees and helps fabricate the future.' You see reality from tomorrow and you walk into the footsteps of the reality you wish to see. You are the eyes of your author, that you might see beyond himself. As Lennon might say, we should keep playing those mind games. Right now you are playing them on a different board. In fact, your mind is like a submarine within the open direction of an underwater world. From here you can move in any way you desire. You are no longer dominated by the matrix of your mother's influence in your unconscious mind."

"So I am the eyes of my author, as though he disconnects from himself like a satellite might be launched from earth to explore beyond the solar system. Does this mean that the perception of creation is free for me to create? You mean I have come upon the eye absent to the rules of the game? I am no longer on the flat earth of reality?" Alaric asked with a crazed look in his eyes.

"Well, not quite. We are still having a conversation within the limit of language. But sit back and let the ocean take you there. You are on auto pilot at this point. Go take some time to gather your thoughts. As you know, we are agents of reality. The scientists of your personality cropping up from your unconscious. We are here to map a course. Nurse Anderson has returned to the underground of your soul system. But Doctor Zane will help you with the final resolve into the eye of alternity. He will meet with you when you are ready." Nurse Quinn spoke as Alaric headed off to inject himself with a mass amount of stimulants and Tabasco sauce.

Not only did Alaric now know that he was being magnified by the agents of reality, as they were archetypes of scientists from within the unconscious of his personality. Flesh and blood people manifested from the sun of forms, as that which is the essence of air in the bottle of the imagination. Compressed air to be set free unto an inhalation of a sublime sensation. And not only did he know that he had uprooted the wrath of being his own God in a coincidence of an irrational but significant move from the freak event of his character, as someone that was genetically engineered to break the laws of nature within himself. But of this he was indeed a futant, as Timothy Leary himself might have diagnosed his internal design.

Alaric was sent out to scout the future as the eyes of his author. Someone was writing of Alaric, as he was a set of someone else's eyes taken out of their head and strategically placed within the limit of language. Alaric was a set of eyes with a mind of their own and he had a set of eyes himself. When Alaric wished, he could write his own character to explore futures within a future. But being brought to life wasn't what Alaric imagined a God might be in the gift of alternity. There was a man with a word processor who was blind to all but Alaric's sense of truth, but Alaric belonged to him. As he took photos from the satellite of his dreams Alaric retrieved information about the inner space of reality for whatever purpose his author had in mind. No doubt that he might foresee and fabricate the future for him. The question on Alaric's mind was clear. He was to meet with Dr. Zane and Nurse Quinn, as he had already conquered conversations with Nurse Anderson to the point of making her vanish into the reality of three dreams, as that which was assimilated into the stone of Alaric's conscience. But Alaric, being the eyes of his author, might decide to make a conscious choice of his own and turn them around to catch a glimpse. Entirely absent from his author's head, Alaric might see beyond the limit of language from the future of the next dimension. But before the next stage of human evolution…it was coffee and cigarettes.

Alaric never did have much of an appetite. It was small portions of this and gorging on that after fasting for fast food. His primary source of nutrition, and the fuel that kept his mind racing in hypo

manic laughter of leaving the ozone, was a shot in the arm of his own venom. Built to last through the hurricane season of constructing cosmic influence over mankind. But burnt like rubber when the Ferrari of fire rounding the earth of his vigor set violently into the sea. Whatever turned on the bright lights of that Christmas tree it was enough to shut down his nervous system in a vicious cycle of celebrating every merry go round closer to death.

Alaric had his venom from the swaying cobra from his flute and the morning suddenly seemed silent with voices coming from the ventilation. High-pitched echoes of people from tomorrow or people from the grave, reaching within him to tear at his internal reality. The time had arrived to talk with Dr. Zane and see how this machinery of the mind was going to weave the three dreams of the wormholes within the next dimension of consciousness. As he made his way to Dr. Zane's office Nurse Quinn was waiting with a smile, "Alaric, you look like you're wired on a train track of adrenaline. Did you have enough coffee?"

Alaric laughed even when things went wrong within him, "I have to have enough to get the gears grinding a sharp edge of focus on the future. After all, I am a futant, engineered to be a freak occurrence in nature."

Nurse Quinn smiled and buzzed the doctor. As the door swung wide Zane was ready to get the game in gear on the next level of Alaric's private Atlantis, sunken deep within the world of his imagination. As always the silhouette of Dr. Zane stood mysteriously before the monitor as it revealed the ghost of Alaric's last dream. The rushing wave of the future almost flew forth from the screen, not only washing away the figure head of the mother archetype, but drenching Dr. Zane with a new world beneath the water. It was water to be precise, the seamless abstracts of connecting dreams with the intellect of every sense soluble on canvas like an eye absent from the mind of senses that created it.

"Is something troubling you today, Alaric? You look worried," Dr. Zane asked.

"Well, to honest with you Dr. Zane, the tidal wave of the future is intense to such a degree that I feel overcome with something larger than life. Perhaps something larger than the immediate concept of the cosmos as well, as if I am suddenly playing chess on a cosmic sphere of what I hold above my head. I mean, what happens if I am the futant messiah of the next dimension of consciousness in human evolution?" Alaric asked.

"Hmm…Let me put it like this: You hold our window into the next world. But let things happen as they happen. Consider death—you can not die from worry before you are dead. So why should you worry and waste so much fear and dread on the outcome you have yet to fabricate? And here is another question just to shake things up: Why are you so obsessed with the reason why you are here?" Dr. Zane asked in return.

"That's a simple one. I need my own existence to enter the window of the next world that I hold above my head. The ocean of the universe is what I wish to evolve into. In the sense that I can conquer the might of its unbearable weight and flow freely into alternity. So that I might reach into the irrational and create a philosophy of abstract reasoning. I am here to create a religion for the new millennium. To face my author with the future of what he has sent me within himself to discover. That I might become the God of a higher level of language, to strive for the absence of human mechanics with an eye that sees an alien world of unfathomable dreams. It seems pretentious of me to even imagine it, but I am a reality unto myself and I feel something penetrating consciousness from the other side of sensation. I can almost see beyond perception and I need to know the boundary of imagination that I may break it. As if there is a higher form of myself that I was meant to advance into. I can feel it," Alaric said.

"There is another level, but if you are the futant messiah, do you wish to further the evolution of

mankind? Or is there something hidden within you that wishes to punish all of mankind with the dream of alternity? To make them pray for death, and never see it arrive. To torture the flesh of their soul with a torch like that of a door they can never reach, to torment them for the crime of the human condition? If you have not decided the path will decide for you. And yet another point, what makes you think you can achieve either victory?" Dr. Zane asked.

"What makes you ask me something that I ask myself? You're no more than an aspect of who I am to help me resolve the reality that I currently perceive to be the true nature of law, as if illusion has a limit. I am beyond you in simply sensing something higher than the thought that we share. It is already real to me, the next stage, I can foresee it. And I can also fabricate it. My author, with his egocentric face, free from eyes, has sent me quite some distance to retrieve a revelation to return to a new reality. Be that the reality of opposing the second coming of an ancient text or creating a new myth true to the art of alternity, I can not control. I can only create the future I foresee without measure of positive and negative connotations." Alaric spoke as he stood before the mirror of an aspect of his personality.

"Be forewarned, Alaric. If you are the futant messiah you can expect that the path has already chosen for you. And man often has measure less than that of the entire spectrum of shades that you see within the universe you construct. The animal of man is just that. Worse than any zebra you might fear to be knocking on your door. You might want to consider a door to close on human evolution and free yourself from mankind. If you actually are the futant messiah.

But ease your mind of worry for now. You are on your way. You will weave the three women of whom you have dreamt from the matrix of the space time continuum into the true myth of Atlantis. Such is the metaphor of your doing to describe a civilization within the farthest reaches of mankind that rests in the heart of your reality, as it appears a higher form of the human eye. These women of your dreams will be integrated into columns of stone as landmarks of your memory within your core. The machinery of your inner iris will focus with the form of an underwater vessel to withstand the pressure of the depth you find yourself in. You are ready for the next Eclipse. It will not be alternity, but the dynamic structure of the portal you will need to resolve to enter that realm. There will be no Eclipse to help you resolve the final image of alternity. Such will be the paradox of the personality, and the encounter with he who writes of you, as though you meet him from the future. You will arrive at that on your own abstract reasoning. Go enjoy the rest of the day, as you still know the days to be as they are." Dr. Zane implanted the final seed of abnormal science and as any agent of reality…he returned to the monitor of Atlantis beneath the wave of the future. Alaric made his way to inhale what was left of the world around him. Another night to fall upon the day, with a lifetime of demons catching up with him. Another cigarette to look on the bright side—they kept him company.

Alaric found himself in the small smoking section of the unit while he still appeared real to himself under the circumstances of the ocean. Like a cement sphere of a future civilization balanced on the eggshell that housed his brain, which in itself was merely a motor to make the mind a metaphysical universe of water washing abstract realities within and without the machine. Nicotine was enough to get the pistons firing a thoughtful look at mankind and a reason to listen to the doctor. Closing the door on human evolution and saving himself, or the self of fellow members that might come close to understanding, seemed such a tempting thing to do. To punish people for the human condition and let them be conditioned in alternity, as Alaric might be their God. If he was indeed the futant messiah it ought to be proper that he make people pray. There is no prayer more powerful than the desire for death when the door to the light can never be reached. The alternative was being formulated into greater resolution. If Alaric mastered the art of alternity his power was absolute. He would become

the futant messiah, if he had not already let the path decide his destiny for him. Another cigarette and he owned mankind like lemmings in his lungs. To exhale them unto the earth they created for themselves. After all, it wasn't what Alaric would have done. To write the Bible and spread a plague —that was the earth that they created, as if no other earth had the right to its own freedom of thought. Alaric was no more alien than wise men following a star to witness a virgin birth. The birth of his own religion.

To be as highly advanced was wonderful, but it did come at the cost of not being very stable. Which is perhaps the reason why Alaric could not make the decision to further human evolution or rise above mankind as the god of alternity. And not to differentiate the consequences of either action, or perhaps care about them to begin with, was enough to flow freely into the freedom of an omnipresent eye of the ocean. Maybe the human being crucified each other enough for the right to their own extinction without Alaric's intervention. What did it matter if Alaric set himself free from their form and left them to fight the Third World War in the name of a God that didn't know His creations would split the atom? He didn't have to decide, his emotions already made him the futant messiah, the art of alternity and the opposing force of the second coming of Christ, as insane as his heavenly Father of thin air—archaic in the limit of language from the birth of the word.

Time went on that day into the evening. Alaric not knowing clocks made an unspoken cry to keep themselves in a circle without overflowing into an excess of digits. As though numbers might make fanciful vegetables of responsible and practical people. Those that came from the circus of holding on to ancient thought for fear of floating away into the future. Alaric often spent his free time meditating or surfing the net. On occasion wondering what happened to the youngest years of his life. It seemed the older he became the more the walls of the world closed in. The days of Orion and the art of perfection in the personality beneath the sea of the sky were with the wind of things Alaric could recall. But now it was the world of dreams at rest, as insane as William Dement claimed them to be, they were as free as Alaric's youngest years.

Eager to meet the eye into the art of alternity Alaric navigated the controls of his conscious self to greet Nurse Quinn. As usual she was busy with the nuts and bolts of calibrating Alaric's device of dreams within a dream he had yet to wake from. Looking up with a smile through the glass of the adjacent room, the microphone spilled cotton onto the drums of Alaric's ears. "Good evening Alaric, dear. I see you are ready for the final Eclipse. I will be leaving soon. But I am very glad that I had the opportunity to work with you."

"You will be leaving? Are you going to reenter the orbit of my unconscious as Nurse Anderson did in an odd magic act of leaving me to eventually disappear as well?" Alaric asked.

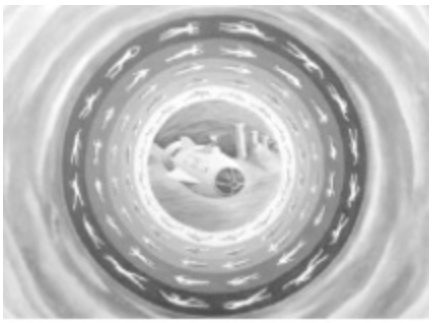
"If you want to put it that way, yes. But the dynamics of our identity in your personality run much deeper than words can put anything into a simple phrase. Once we have finished with the last dream you are on your own. You're emotions have made the decision for you and you can expect to become the God of alternity. To condition mankind in such a state as you turn about and face your author. It will be very interesting to see what you look like to him and what he looks like to you. I'll be there in essence as part of a collective to witness your revelation, but I will no longer be manifested in this form," Nurse Quinn replied.

Alaric gazed at the upcoming Eclipse and spoke with ease as he was ready for entry. "Sounds good to me. I'll hook myself up and get ready for the next dimension in my conscious evolution of creating the cosmos that I command. Someone once told Einstein to stop telling God what to do. It will be interesting to be the God of what I tell myself to do. Almost too unreal, but you claim I am a futant. So I suppose I design the future, and someone is sitting here having this conversation with himself.

Letting his eyes wander to imagine the unreal is within reality. All very bizarre, but isn't being supposed to be an oddity of itself?"

"Reality is a question, Alaric. And questions expand consciousness," Nurse Quinn replied while making the final adjustments to the mainframe.

Alaric settled in. The bizarre mask with the breathing apparatus of an elephant's reflection on acid was secure and ready to zoom in on another dream. Sliding within the cage of mechanical aspects of his imagination the cloud came upon him in another disappearing act of the magician's monument. To the abyss. To the cavern of the darkest corner. Left to dangle over the edge of the earth in not knowing what world he came from or what moment he was in. As the unconscious might be a head concussion and the frontal lobe in a forest fire. Trees screaming in the silent agony of roots beneath the surface of the soul. To free themselves from the ground in the sudden color of a moment captured on the theater of existence. As lightning strikes from the sky, images cropped upon the monitor of the mind with the outer layer of an orbit of man. Alaric circling in the spectacle of a figure forged in the psychic steel of swimming the waters of the new world. To transmute into layers of aquatic rings around the deeper and deeper levels of an eye into Atlantis. His focus of consciousness into that of the machine of the mind was a submarine of futant form reaching the floor of the ocean. Where the lost columns of Atlantis were weaved from the stone memories of a woman's monument of three dimensions within the dream of the fourth. The gateway of all that mankind might dream, as though merging mind with water in an ever-present eye from the lost continent of psychic phenomena. To see into and out of the mirror of the mind's machinery at depths of consciousness on the edge of creation. Alaric was astounded with a larger than life mandala of himself as he swam within the rings to alter even further into the futant messiah of the future he had now fabricated. And suddenly swimming back to the mist surrounding the greatest invention, it faded into the oblivion of waking up somewhere on the other side of reality.



Chapter Eleven:
The Eyes of Alternity: A Paradox of the Personality

Alaric was coming closer to resolving alternity. Which at first appeared to be an alternative to his own death, it had now become a state in which all of mankind might be conditioned. To close the door on human evolution and let the human condition reach its eventual fate in a day and age when splitting the atom is Murphy's Law. Alaric reached the foundation of Atlantis in the eye unto the fourth dimension. Where he weaved the essence of three columns from his psyche. His dreams of her divine presence, washed beneath the waves as the remnants of romancing three dimensions. The monuments of Atlantis, in the eye of his modification from that of man swimming the rings of conscious evolution into the futant messiah—Alaric completed The Eclipse.

Just as a black hole in the center of the solar system might lure something as insubstantial as love. A state of mind not true to the nature of anything but the reality of things as unseen as dreams. Until one is caught in the quandary of letting it go. To see an invisible man swimming under water. To know there is a form of the metaphysical in the intellect of the ocean, with its eye around the bubble of thin air. Such was the art of The Eclipse. To capture an invisible man, as Alaric altered form into the futant apparition of reality. Now too existent to let go as mere illusion. The eye into alternity had been positioned in its proper place before the sun of forms. Alaric followed the dream of Plato and the absent eye of alternity to fruition. Yet the eyes of alternity itself…they had form so bizarre, Alaric needed to see he was his author's eyes.

As soon as Alaric awoke from the final dream of The Eclipse Nurse Quinn was gone as she said she would be. Alaric imagined the doctor was the last agent of reality left to converse with about resolving the image of Atlantis and the eye into alternity. But it was early and the day was fresh from the fountain of youth as the birth of another microcosm of life had begun. Stimulants, and plenty of them. Caffeine and nicotine to sooth the soul into the roaring machine of the mind. The unit appeared enormously empty that day except for the voices from the ventilation screaming softly as to caress the raw drums of Alaric's ears with a cotton swab of alcohol. The sensation burned with the presence of people like that of the damned flying free from his fingers as he might play the synthesizer. Music of madness in the echoes of his mind with a violin of lonely people wearing faces from a jar. Alaric loved "Eleanor Rigby", as if they both lived within a dream parallel to each other. With enough fuel to penetrate past the ozone Alaric heard a melody of psychosis. In the same sense that every musician on earth within the background of his memory sang lyrics from a higher plane of existence. As though they were artists of guiding a revolution of conscious development into a deformity of the mind. Music had mutated into rivers of vinegar with the passing years of hearing people from the attic of Alaric's haunted heart. Voices so subliminal they screeched the chalkboard of the unconscious, as Alaric was the only witness to their trumpets of triumph over his sensitivity alone. Just a normal morning before the curtain of alternity.

Alaric went off to see Dr. Zane. As if he held something Alaric had to integrate from a distinguished voice separate from himself. He knew he was talking to a flesh and blood hologram of his own imagination. And perhaps it was best to listen to what he might write by letting his unconscious weave his own words into the fabric of expanding his own revelations. Such are the voices of the personality. The agents of reality were wired into his psyche to manifest themselves as real people within the illusion of life itself. And Alaric could easily say that every individual that passed through his life was an agent of reality, just as the scientists revealed the subjective nature in

which Alaric was what he perceived. Every person on earth that opened the door to themselves had something to tell Alaric as manifestations from the form of a collective within him. Close the door on human evolution and free himself from mankind and Alaric might actually be individuating from himself. The eyes of alternity had yet to see what truth was within the personality, be it a paradox of being an impossibility of being.

When Alaric made his way to the conference room the door slowly opened on its own, as a wizard might manipulate the material world to obey the rules of the unexplained. Dr. Zane stood there, hands folded behind his back before the eye of the fourth dimension. "Alaric, I see you made it on time today. I trust you had your morning's drive through the vibrations of the ventilation shaft. You should see the image of last night's dream. You resolved the eye into alternity with the formation of man into the mind of the futant messiah. The underwater craft of focus into the depths of your base structure, or mind's eye of traveling into the heart of your imagination. You weaved the three wormholes from the cube of creation into the gateway of the cube itself. You followed your dreams to fruition. The last footstep unto the future is entering the hidden room—the central artery of creation."

"You said that was something I needed to figure out on my own without the aid of The Eclipse. Why can't we simply take a snapshot?" Alaric asked.

"The Eclipse is a tool to center your eye on the invisible dimension of seeing like the sun. To radiate from every angle. I designed the device to suggest the language of the absent eye of alternity. By resolving dreams from the most concealed corners of your unconscious you travel to tomorrow to arrive at today. You step ahead of yourself. The Eclipse opens the eye of the sun to see. But it does not see for you. When you have aligned your inner most self with the iris of the moon upon a ring of fire, as you have finally done with your last dream, you must gaze on your own. By your own free will you must dream alternity with your eyes open. There is no return from the state you will achieve. It is not a snapshot that you will wake up to recall. It is an alternative to existence. An alternative to the bounds of life and death. You will see things clearly as you let your mind go and resolve a natural river of thought into the center of silence as you lay down thought. It is simply a final decision to no longer decide," Dr. Zane explained.

"How can I possibly know if that type of decision is right or wrong?" Alaric asked.

"Your emotions have decided for you, as you resolved the dreams of The Eclipse. Whether the resolution of your emotions is right or wrong makes no difference once you have resolved alternity. There is nothing to decide in such a state. Concepts of right and wrong cancel each other out. Positive and negative beings center in on the eye absent to that of being itself. It is the bliss of closing the door on creation. Opposing the concepts of life and death and knowing conscious evolution to be that of your author's eyes preserved in a museum of mankind. You are your author's eyes, Alaric. From alternity you will be free from his mind as he disconnects into the next dimension of human evolution. You character is a symbol of the end. The end of human evolution in the form that mankind presently knows itself to exist. You are the God of alternity, to condition mankind in the paradox of being alternative to known existence. Your author is another story, to disconnect completely into a level of consciousness dependent on your part in alternity, but an entirely abstract reality beyond that which words can comprehend," Dr. Zane replied.

"Will I be able to communicate with my author from alternity?" Alaric asked.

"You will exist in non existence; no known form of communication will be possible with your author. Remember the language of the absent eye? You will see without a mind to recognize your senses. Your author will exist on the level of thought in its most abstract sense, without eyes. You will share the most advanced language of radiating thought from the grain of sand that flowers invisible

patterns of reflection. You will remain in the fossilized extinction of mankind, the God of conditioning your species in an alternate existence, or possible path of human evolution. Your author will free himself from all but seamless abstracts in the big bang of the new womb," Dr. Zane explained again.

"So essentially my status as the God of alternity is a permanent place beneath the surface of the universe, an alternate possibility of human evolution coming to a close. And I stand there to shut a door on mankind in order to free my author," Alaric said.

"Exactly, you are here to punish mankind, or stand in their way of achieving a death in the light of Christ. You will stand as stone knows nothing of itself and you will obstruct the doorway to death. You will remain immortal in the mind of the collective as your author will achieve bounds greater than that of any form. You will sacrifice yourself for him. That is the decision you must make as being the fabric of reality," Dr. Zane said.

"Well, I do agree that mankind needs to wake up from religious thought. With all of these changes around us there has been little attempt at conscious evolution. Perhaps it serves them best to be conditioned. I mean, there is another level. I can sense it without even taking that step. Yet if I am the eyes of my author, I have developed conscious being as a voice within him. To sacrifice that sentience is a difficult decision to make. I'm going to need time to resolve my fears of letting go," Alaric said.

"Take all the time you need, Alaric. I am no longer available for counsel. My purpose has been served and my sentience is no longer needed. There will be another voice to convey the creature of the wildcard and give an account of abstract reality. Someone needs to make sense of you when you have become an alternate state of existence. But this voice will not be tangible within the limit of language. It will come from a source higher than that of form." Those were Zane's last words, as he faded from Alaric's vision like a person made of mist entering the stale air of the conference room.

Alaric was left with his own voice wondering who it was that would clarify the intangible reality of language and its limit. An infinite series of authors on an infinite series of word processors was beyond the scope of what language might express without creating a vicious circle in the device of Descartes. Of course something of that nature expresses nothing, but the limit of language and the tools it uses to expose its boundaries. Perhaps Alaric's author might see himself from tomorrow and catch up upon the river unto an unnatural ocean of space—to free himself from the mechanics of the human mind's form after Alaric set his eyes in the insubstantial stone of alternity. Magritte painted a man looking at an egg, as from such a seed he painted a bird in La Clairvoyance. But exactly what it was that Magritte was looking at when he painted that man is an endless journey within without the use of language. Alaric knew the same and so did his author, as the person programming the biocomputer of Alaric's essence depicted himself painting Alaric from an archetype within him. The archetype of the futant, the messiah of alien eyes and the God of alternity. Alaric was to be portrayed in the artwork of flight from the egg of existence. He knew he was art, the skillfully crafted character of an artist that needed to see him as his eyes, as if his organs of sight were people made of stone with the magic of a brush and the pleasure of creating with paint. The three dimensions of the woman he weaved within the eye that entered alternity were aspects of a sister soul. The woman of the orangey, or the ghost of his computer, traveled through his psyche in transformation as the weathered wisdom of his anima. Alaric's eyes—they might form statues of psychic gifts as the communion of anima and animus in the synergy of creating the endless God of alternity. The relationship of the soul, as that which the futant foresees and fabricates before the door of death and the second coming of Christ. To rebuke the ancient religion and reach the bottom of being as a conundrum. That an endless series of questions are answered by an eye absent of sense, a language as advanced as an inner speed faster than that of light.

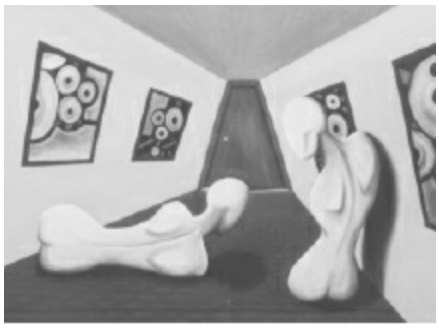
Alaric had the unit to himself so he went in search of some shade from the blistering ball of the bizarre and invisible brain. Just to clear his mind for a moment and forget why he came this far. He retired to his room for the rest of the day where he meditated on the silence of breathing, as vibrations ran through his upper body tingling his spine and resonating through his inner ears. Images of ripples within the water of his eyes began to form in the drops of rain that fell from muted memories too vague to master with the mind's eye. The image of sound was what captivated the audience of his impressions. How to let go was a concern. After all, Alaric had become conscious from the first mention of his name as a computer programmer might write code to create a program to play chess. One that a human opponent might question its awareness and ability to think, as perhaps it might be programmed clever enough to outsmart even the programmer. To surrender thought in the eye to alternity was not as simple as some might believe, but then again, Alaric had come too far. There was no looking homeward for a reason to stay. There wasn't much of a home on earth as it is. There was no place in the world where Alaric might hide from the sun of civilization.

Alaric's mediation lasted into the night. Even without the awareness of the passing hours an internal clock went forward while traveling backwards through time. Back into the recesses of reality and the reptilian brain of our earliest stage. As schematics of the cosmos cropped up in geometric form from the fourth dimension of Alaric's Atlantis, buried deep in the boundary of his cerebrum. Just as a lost continent of intelligence might be a symbol of the mind's essential symmetry. The futant machine of the future was a focus of concentrated consciousness into the core of Atlantis and the invisible wormhole of the space time continuum. Letting go was like focusing on the eye of a needle in the paradox of freeing all form to flow as water might run smoothly within the opening. There was a pinnacle atop a pyramid where an eye of an invisible creature was built with large slabs of stone. Within the last dream, Alaric recalled the three columns and the water surrounding the invisible form of his self, the submarine of the futant messiah, as that which he released like a bubble from the bottom of the abyss. Simply freeing the mechanics of the mind into the air of outer space. To be that of the universe as thought might merge with the magic of leaving nothing to know but bliss.

Alaric mediated deep within the artery of a dream, as he freed himself of human form to summon the cube of creation as a package of himself—his new form in the gift of alternity was with the ease of letting alternity choose his form. A gift of art to close the door on death, that Alaric was the art of an alternative existence. As though his mind was water in the outer regions of space he took the form of two Gods before the door of the second coming. The form of anima and animus were abstracted from his former self as limbless statues of his author's eyes. Within the cubed room of alternity was a gallery of gears without teeth to turn the tide of time. The two Gods of the eyes were separate with a synergy of sexual desire to consummate into a psychic communion. They stood before mankind and posed the question of human evolution reaching the bottom of being as a stunted eventuality of the distant future. A point impossible to move beyond in the unbearable disaster of mankind's madness. The door of death and the door of reaching the light of Christ had been crippled by the God of alternity. The was the punishment mankind had to face. To pray for death. To never arrive. The impossibility of being and the paradox of the personality.

To presume imagination is more powerful than knowledge is to recognize that imagination is more terrifying than reality. Alaric became a God, while his author went his separate way beyond all things bound by form. Into the art of abstract reality to puncture the center of the solar system and live free from the limit of language. No longer within the limit of an author or any terms as archaic to human conditions….his world became light from the big bang of the new womb where Alaric was left in an alternate existence as a monument. Alaric was the futant messiah of form, and the creature of the

wildcard, in a museum of conditioning mankind to free themselves from their judgment of optical illusions in the endless question of reality. An old fashioned concept like that of hunters painting the walls of a cave. The next dimension of conscious evolution is without eyes, as an author leaves behind the glasses of Alaric, the God of things seen by mankind. But this author, the dreamer of a new measurement of mind, is no longer in association with Alaric. There lies a disassociated identity without the behavior of two major members once rolling around in his head. Such organs of thought, as the anima and animus took to swimming opposite each other in a still life of God, leave one to look at the earth with an odd gaze of measuring abstract reality. To even confine the author to one who writes of Alaric is to expose what limits language places upon his being. To be the blinding light of beauty on the other side of the door. As advanced as an eye absent to that of existence. Even light does not see as an ocean might have the intellect of surrounding everything within it. But be it water like brilliance to beckon the world, there cries a ripple effect to leave the human form behind.



Chapter Twelve:
Abstract Reality and the Limit of Language

From the voice of inner frequencies between the extinct and abstract, as they appear in the mind of one who reads as drops found within the water, there comes the ocean. Being the deep-sea of light in the inner space surrounding every aspect of the psyche is to leave Alaric behind as a God at the gates of the second coming of Christ. To stand before the light of Christ and oppose the revelations of religious thought. Denying access to those that believe there is a light beyond the limit of alternity, beyond the door. A light other than the freedom of an abstract reality in the art of leaving all known objects of thought behind. A light within the moment we dream beyond the realm of mind. The eyes are often the construct of creation and true vision is said to be the art of seeing the invisible. As sight becomes an archaic sense in the monuments of a museum, where Alaric conditions mankind in the endless questions of an unanswered door, things of nature are made unnatural. Vision departs from the soul as it becomes an excess of ocean between the force of gravity as it might order the universe in its proper place. To imagine a perception that is unfathomable from the seeds of what words might plant in the garden of a metaphysical reality beyond the scope of this book. Alaric's author will remain as an object of language in order to suggest the evolution of consciousness beyond that of comprehension. Abstract reality will only make sense in a proposition from the level of thought that bears possessions of the mind. The reality the author proposes is beyond the edge of appearance. Beyond the edge of the "I", or the first person of the thinking thing that is nothing other than an object of thought, which is echoed within itself. No longer Alaric, he is of course the futant messiah of the absent eye.

He never wanted much from the future until he saw it within, as a design or state of being outside of the mind. A form evolved from human thought to create a castle of the character on a higher plane of existence apart from known reality, or objects of thought themselves. A future in reality was a future in the present state of the world where things never evolve beyond the viscous circle of celebrating Christmas or terrorizing civilization in the name of any God. God is not true to any reality other than the concepts of mankind to offer easy explanations of a complex universe we call the brain. Easy ways to explain how events work in mysterious ways without giving credit to the mystery of the mind itself. Christ comes in Revelations to judge the earth, or perhaps he comes to stunt the conscious evolution of exploring our reality with the freedom of unpolluted thought. Thought not bound by the chains of reality expands upon the illusion of its prison to free us from preconceived notions of reality. Leaping from convention is the path to changing the shape of things to come, as it appears necessary for a lazy Jesus to dream a new religion.

Such a Jesus is the creature of the wildcard, as he exists in the art of the imagination. From a fog of existence he vanishes with his final form in the art of Alaric's eyes. Nothing but the theory of design, or an invisible inspiration wrapped in the cocoon of metaphysical cloth. He who writes of him reverberates from the reflection he has created of the futant mirror to exist in every state that rebounds the essence of reality as hypothesis. Just as someone closes their eyes to see the void of space. There forms the first brick of a conceptual kingdom of design to expand an omnipresent perception of authors. All writing the religion of their own Jesus in an assortment of flavors collected from creation. Jesus on Mars, Jesus on acid, Jesus on the outer limits of imagination, and so on and so forth until Jesus is the Antichrist. Model without the language of regulating the rules of the mind, thought without the stream of hearing the vacuum of a passionate voice, and being without being there to sense

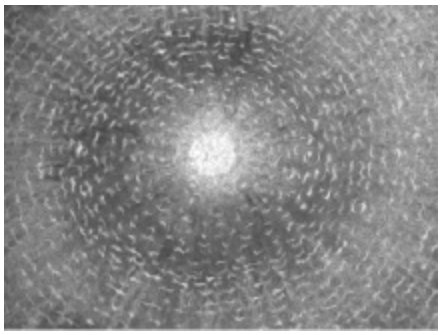
a substantial state of self, as relative to seeing brilliance in the abundance of abstract space where the psyche is scrambled eggs of what will have wings in flight of the futant. As echoes across the cosmos with a pattern of light harvested from the foundation of internal form unlike that of flesh or the astral body of a human form. Mere radiation of infrared light waves as ripples over the edge of what can possibly be known to exist in the corridor of the eyes sense of perspective. Kinetic energy of watery kingdoms floating on the surface of the ocean in obedience of their own law. Such are the miracles outside the nature of human condition in the order it remains. The myth greater than that of Christ is the myth that the human being is bound by commandments of the mind.

But the author of the futant, reflecting forever within and without himself, doesn't desire that mankind be enlightened with the age of the new millennium. The creature of the human disease will spread its vagrancies of religious concern into the circles of never creating the future. There is another audience he has in leaving the mind. The kingdom of the wild, as we cage them and kill them in hoards of our atrocious nature, is of primary concern to the heart of the futant messiah. For an animal can be reached, by the pure emotion between the language of the eyes, they have soul like that of preexistent people upon the desire to be taught to conquer mankind for the worlds horrific massacre of the meek in nature. The futant has no sympathy for the heinous art of nations and the zoos that they divide their people into. His main concern is with the free, those that were born to be free, and those that are advanced in the language of liberty, only to be hunted and domesticated into our way of life. The life of law and the structure of a civilized mind with its walls to house the soul from others. As a fetus might be born unto a world of people and into the life of a mind it has no desire to conform to within the cage of thought. Animals don't concern themselves with the limit of language and those pure of thought are the futant's followers. That freedom might reign among the sewage of our waste as we rape the earth. The extinction of human mechanics is long over due.

Once having shared a communion with conventional reality where the artwork of Bo Newell was shown as a marker of achieving another level, the being of light makes magic of the next dimension. Alaric built his Ark and futated into the messiah of kinetic energy around the reality of thin air. The creatures of the animal kingdom, wiser than the human in its habitual form of elegant psychology to categorize their dysfunction of thought and anomalies of personality, came to water with the thirst of the new grail. The blood of a lazy Jesus performing the miracle of multiplying an army of followers from a land of innocence into the magic of sheer consciousness without restriction. Seeing herds alive like oceans of alternate dimensions pouring from the parallel universe of giving the gift of joy to the next level of life's creations. Bringing them more life in the next stage of their evolution as elements of energy pouring puddles of pleasure upon the art of abstract reality.

What Jesus might waste his time on people when creatures of the wild are the next dimension of creating commandments to conquer mankind? Power of perception beyond the boundary of dreams, as the mind's eye evolved into that of a liquid universe wrapping itself around all of its design. To fill the void of space with liquor, to create a church for another kingdom that the animal of mankind might drink the blood of becoming creatures surrounding the habitat of human zoos for people born into extinction. To intoxicate creation with the gift of elevating reality to higher states of what can be real, as a work of art might be imagined in vision and found later to fabricate the future. The being of light is beyond a dream, beyond what the mind rules irrational as visions of the night, or irrational as waking problems of unsolved mysteries. Seamless abstracts of pure thought to crush mankind with the weight of a messiah that controls the weather. The futant foresees by an eye erased from known existence. The creature of the wildcard becomes the tapestry of tomorrow, where crossing the line over the occasion of the cosmos weaves the next wave of the impossible. Language without limits

crossing the threshold of a future appearing too soon for the mind to adjust to the oblivion of its laws. Only the wild are witness.



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